TANGANYIKA NOTES AND RECORDS

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THE EARLIEST OX-WAGONS IN TANGANYIKA

An Experiment which Failed

By Edwin W. Smith

Roger Price, from whose forthcoming biography this article and its sequel are extracted, was a Welshman who in 1856 entered the service of the London Missionary Society. He was the only adult white survivor of the disastrous expedition to the Makololo, 1859-60. Thereafter, with one break, he worked in Bechuanaland until his death in 1900. In 1876-77 he with others carried out the experiment of using ox-transport in place of porterage in Tanganyika. By his second marriage with a daughter of Robert Moffat he became David Livingstone's brother-in-law.

The eighteen-seventies opened a new era in African history. In the eastern equatorial region a succession of adventurous explorers, beginning with Burton and Speke in 1856-59 and culminating with H. M. Stanley in 1874-77, successfully delineated the main geographical features. Livingstone's last journey, his death and burial in Westminster Abbey, gave a filip to many humanitarian and commercial enterprises. In 1877 Sir Rutherford Alcock, President of the Royal Geographical Society, said:

> "There is no doubt that few explorations have been so manifestly fruitful in great result as African discoveries. Religion, civilization and commerce are all involved in these explorations, which are, in truth, only the first of a large series of beneficial advances. It is the first step towards the opening up of Central Africa, or of any progress there of civilization, of commerce, or of any efforts to spread the blessings of Christianity."

The Christian Church, which had indeed initiated the whole movement by the travels and discoveries of its servants, Krapf, Rebmann, Erhardt, and Livingstone, eagerly entered into the newly revealed regions. Presbyterians established themselves in Nyasaland; the Universities Mission fixed on Zanzibar as a base for work on the mainland, as did also the Roman Catholics. The Church Missionary Society, already active on the coast, now in November, 1875, resolved to respond to an appeal made by H. M. Stanley and to an offer of financial aid made by a certain "Unprofitable Servant" to plant a mission in Uganda. In the same month the Directors of the London Missionary Society considered a suggestion that they too should enter the new field, but decided for the present to leave it to the Anglicans. In January, 1876, their hesitation was resolved when Robert Arthington offered £5,000 towards the cost of opening a mission on Lake Tanganyika with its headquarters at Ujiji now known to all the world as the place where Stanley 'found' Livingstone. No time was lost. On 14th February the Board cordially and unanimously accepted the recommendation, made by a sub-committee appointed to examine the project, to embark on the new enterprise. Profiting by the calamitous experience of the Makololo expedition, they decided to send a man out to reconnoitre; and their choice fell naturally on Roger Price who was then on furlough in England. So on his 42nd birthday he was drawn in to play a part, comparatively small but of great importance, in the exciting drama of Central Africa.

What most exercised the Board was precisely that which has always troubled promoters of East African enterprise: how to convey goods and men from the coast over the vast expanses of the interior? Ultimately, no doubt, railways—what in those days were called "roads"—would be built, but what was to be done in the meantime? The explorers knew no alternative to the slave-trader's method of travelling in large caravans, manned by human carriers. It was an expensive business for humane men who could not countenance the employment of slaves. The Royal Geographical Society calculated the cost of travel in East Africa at thirty shillings a mile: a journey from the coast to Lake Tanganyika involved an expense of at least £2,400. Moreover, the African porter was not an easy person to handle. The published experiences of travellers—observed one writer—excited in readers the deepest indignation against these fickle men, the porters, and the profoundest pity for the travellers. With 300 such fellows to put up with, "who can wonder at the worry, the detention, the waste of trouble in gathering them, keeping them together, fetching back run-aways, bringing in stragglers, replacing the incompetent, and humanely caring for the whole?". Then the damage to property through careless handling, the loss by theft or by being flung away by the bearers, or left behind for lack of men to carry on. There was another side to all this. They who railed at the ineptitude of the African carriers, were often blind to their endurance, their cheerfulness, their fidelity. All that was said in their disfavour might be true, but the fact remained that they were at present indispensable; and soon it would be said that 250,000 Africans were marching in single file along the narrow tracks of East Africa with burdens of fifty or seventy pounds weight on their heads or shoulders. To many observers this making of men into beasts of burden was inhuman; and unquestionably in the hands of unscrupulous, unfeeling travellers the carriers suffered abominably.

What was the alternative? Roger Price suggested that the Board should follow South African practice by trying ox-transport. Oxen were slow, but they were sure—given favourable conditions. Price could tell of having seen a huge boiler carried by wagon a distance of 1,400 miles from Cape Town; of towns of 40,000 or 50,000 built far inland of materials entirely transported by means of oxen. In the economic life of South Africa the bullock-wagon reigned supreme. From the Zambezi to the Nile, from the east coast inland to the Congo, there did not exist (so far as any one knew) a single vehicle drawn by oxen, nor a single ox trained for transport. Why not make an experiment to introduce ox-power to displace man-power in the carriage of goods? The Board thought it well worth while; so they commissioned Price to travel from the coast inland as far as Mpwapwa, 200 miles, and report on the possibility of using ox-wagons.

Roger Price embarked on 18th March, 1876, on the steamer *Java* and voyaged via Lisbon and the Suez canal to Aden, where he transhipped to the *Punjaub* and went on in company with eight other missionaries, Anglican and Methodist, to Zanzibar. After a rough passage they anchored off the island on 2nd May. Price had with him his Zulu servant, Jim.

A lively interest was aroused when the object of Price's visit became known to the residents of Zanzibar. The Hindu merchants, who financed the slave traffic, must have realized that his success would reduce their business but there was no overt hostility on their part. Dr. John Kirk, the British Consul, who having been with Livingstone on the Zambezi was familiar with the tragic story

of the Makololo mission, most cordially welcomed Price, and gave his blessing to the project while warning him about the tsetse-fly which might bring it to naught. He introduced Price to the Sultan, Seyyid Barghash, who claimed dominion over vast regions of the mainland and now promised him all the support it was in his power to give. Dr. Steere, Bishop of Zanzibar, entered into Price's plans with enthusiasm. All these men realised what great things for the future of East Africa rested on the outcome of his experiment.

Price's first concern was the route. On his expedition of 1871-72, H. M. Stanley, starting from Bagamoyo opposite Zanzibar, had found tsetse not far from the coast.* On this account, and also because of the great Makata swamps through which Stanley's men had to struggle before they reached the Wami river, this route was to be avoided. When Price inquired about others the information was so contradictory that he came to the conclusion that to be sure of anything in East Africa the only way was to go and see for yourself. A man named Asmani bin Bakari, whom he engaged as *kilongozi* (guide) of his caravan, was a native of Saadani, a small town on the coast opposite Zanzibar and north of the river Wami. He assured Price (not too truthfully) that from Saadani there was a route to Mpwapwa that was free of swamp and jungle and difficult mountains; it presented no obstacle to carts and oxen; villages were strung all along the way and everywhere the inhabitants possessed horned cattle and goats. This last item was of supreme import, for where cattle flourished there could be no tsetse. Asmani's assertions were not gainsaid by anyone, so Price determined to try the Saadani route, north of the Wami river.

On 10th May Price hired a dhow to take him, with the merchants Buchanan and Morton, to Saadani. Bwana Heri, the governor of the district, to whom Price had letters of introduction from the Sultan and Dr. Kirk, was a light-coloured Swahili with very good features, large eyes and intelligent, a roundish nose, and was dressed in the customary *kanzu* with a black cloak over it. He was most hospitable, placing a house at the disposal of his visitors. They witnessed the arrival of a caravan from the interior consisting of about a hundred men burdened with ivory and other goods. Price computed that "all the stuff they carried would make but a small bullock-wagon load".

The three men went, accompanied by Bwana Heri and mounted on donkeys, to the village of Ndumi, a distance of nearly six miles; the population of about a hundred converts to Islam drawn from various interior tribes was subject to Bwana Heri. A feast, followed by a great dance, was given in Price's honour. At the end one ancient, whose status was analogous to that of Attorney-General, stepped on to the verandah with a girl.

> "We stood up as in duty bound. Then he placed his hand on my shoulder and flourished his naked sword over my head. I took a step or two with him which seemed to delight the crowd, so that they could not contain themselves. The fair one began lululuing and the whole crowd gave a deafening shout. Were it not that I have a keen idea of the stern realities beyond I should feel considerably flattered by my first entrance upon East African soil. Would God that the welcome which Bwana Heri has given me as a white man had been given to me as a missionary!"

*At this place, not far from Rosako, Stanley caught several biting flies and compared them with Livingstone's description of the tsetse. Three kinds were pronounced by natives to be fatal to cattle. One of them, locally named *chufwa*, he subsequently found to be tsetse.—*How I found Livingstone* (1873 issue), p. 91.

The friendship and help of Bwana Heri, which proved of such value till the end of the incident, had thus been secured. He was both curious and dubious about wagon-transport but promised all assistance in his power.

Saadani, Price concluded, was not a desirable place to stay at, on account of the lagoons "producing any amount of miasma". As a port it had the disadvantage that vessels could not come close inshore.

An uncomfortable passage of six hours through squalls and rain brought them back to Zanzibar; and now Price pressed on with his preparations. A visit to an Indian store resulted in the purchase of the necessary supplies for himself and the thirty men he proposed to take with him. Ten of these were armed with guns—Tower muskets; he insisted that as an Englishman (so he called himself) he must have English weapons, not the flimsy German toys common at Zanzibar.

The next thing was to procure bullocks. Price sought out the renowned French Charlie (Cameron wrote of him as "an oddity") who from being cook at the British consulate had risen to be a person of importance as the only man in Zanzibar who dealt in ox-flesh. Unable to read or write, he had almost forgotten his French and had not learnt English but spoke a gibberish that only faintly resembled either language. But he was the soul of generosity. What any man wanted with live oxen, he could not divine; he strongly suspected that Price was bent on opening a rival butchery. This suspicion removed, he was willing to allow Price to try training some of his bullocks and, if he succeeded, to buy them.

Attended by a Swahili named Juma (whom he had engaged as cook) and his Zulu servant Jim, and armed with a long stout rope, Price marched off to French Charlie's cattle kraal. At first the butcher was unwilling to part with what he called his number one bullocks, but Price handled him tactfully and was permitted to choose two, one white and one light brown. Then the fun began. This being (so far as I know) the first attempt in East Africa to bring oxen under the yoke, we may quote Price's description in full.

> "I then proceeded to put a rope on the horns of a white ox that he consented to let me have. He took the rope pretty kindly and allowed himself after a little persuasion to be pulled out of the kraal. Pointing to a light brown bullock I asked if I might have him. 'Oh, yes' was the reply. I proceeded to catch him, but he did not see it. He rebelled. He was quiet enough while being inspected, but decidedly objected to being handled. Charlie got very anxious about my exposing myself to the horns of his bullock and kept pulling me back and insisting on my letting my 'boys' do it all. It was in vain that I assured him that the 'boys' knew nothing at all about such work, he would pull me back. At last we got the obstreperous bullock outside the kraal and thought we were going to conquer him. But not so. He made a leap over a railing that was ever so much higher than himself. He managed to get his front feet over the top rail and with the weight of his body broke it clean off, escaping triumphantly back to his kraal. This was altogether too much for Charlie's nerves. I agreed to leave him and look out another. I then fixed on a yellow bullock, strong and well made. He submitted to the rope being put on his horns pretty quietly, but to be pulled about was another question. He was as stubborn as the other was rebellious. No amount of pulling and persuasion would induce him to move from the

gate of the kraal. Charlie insisted on the ropes being taken off and then they would go all right. This would not suit me, however, as I wanted to train them to go the way I liked. As we had a little distance to go through a crowded and narrow street before we reached the open field we at last decided to drive them loose before us, leaving the ropes on their horns for the convenience of catching them when we got outside. Once outside the town we caught them again and put the yoke on their necks and coupled them without much trouble. Then, however, came the tug-of-war. The yellow bullock turned stubborn again and would not move. After a good deal of manoeuvring and the application of a cane we got them started. Jim was leading them and Juma and I were driving. After a good deal of perseverance and wheeling about first to one side then to another we got them to walk. Of course I gave them names according to our South African custom. The white I called 'Wales' and the yellow one 'England'. Wales took to his first exercise very kindly, but the application of the cane and twisting of the tail and sundry other methods of getting him along had to be continued for some time to England. After a while however it was satisfactory to see England so far benefiting by his somewhat rough handling that when he heard me shout out 'England!' and saw me lifting the cane he would at once discontinue a fit of pulling back and start on abreast of his fellow.

As might have been expected all this was a great curiosity in Zanzibar. It being eventide many of the inhabitants—English, Arab, Hindi, Swahili —were strolling about in the shambas. The Arabs on their gaudily dressed Muscat donkeys would suddenly pull up in front of this spectacle of two bullocks with a piece of wood across their necks and a white man and a black one doing all they knew to get them along. The Hindis and Banyans looked aghast at their sacred animals receiving such rough usage. The Waswahili stared and opened their mouths, while the English, never much taken aback by anything, would simply say: 'What in the world is all that about?' and pass on.

After about an hour and a half of this work I had the satisfaction of seeing my two bullocks quietly allowing themselves to be led coupled with a yoke across their necks through a crowded street and led into their kraal, when they were let loose with the promise of another lesson in the morning."

Just a commonplace job, one might say. Price, however, was conscious of the larger issues. "God grant", he wrote that night, "that this may be the commencement of a new and better order of things in East Africa!"

Next day he drove his yoked bullocks to Kiungani to show them to Bishop Steere. They made a sledge of a forked branch of one of his mango trees, waylaid a Swahili slave carrying a heavy load of firewood and persuaded him to transfer it to the sledge. In this way the bullocks drew their first load. By this time they were putting their shoulders to the yoke.

After ransacking the purlieus of Zanzibar Price found a ramshackle old cart; it was like (he said) the Highlander's gun which needed new stock, new lock and new barrel. He entrusted the wooden parts to Monsieur Flore to be made anew; the smithy of the Roman Catholic mission attended kindly to the iron-work. Each day—except Sundays when he went to church and enjoyed the Bishop's "thoroughly evangelical and practical" addresses—he took out his bullocks, now increased by the purchase of "Scotland" and "Ireland" from French Charlie. In

spite of, or because of, this strenuous exercise, he could record: "I never was better in my life than I have been since I came here. I thank God for the health I am enjoying". But next day he went down with fever which incapacitated him for a week. Bishop Steere called to see him and they discussed (as on other occasions) plans for missions in the interior. They were thoroughly in accord as to the desirability of opening intermediate stations instead of making a jump from the coast to the far-distant lakes. This was a view that Price had already urged upon the Directors before leaving England.

Price now came into contact with the pioneers of the C. M. S. mission to Uganda who assembled in Zanzibar at the end of May. He took Lieutenant Shergold Smith and Alexander Mackay to the ox-training. From this time Mackay became an enthusiastic convert to ox-transport and, as we shall see, did his utmost to make it a success. The cart was duly delivered whole; the oxen were frightened of it at first but soon grew accustomed to it.

On 6th June the cart and bullocks were shipped in a dhow for Saadani, in charge of Juma and a man named Kanap who was to be the leader. Price dined with Dr. and Mrs. Kirk that evening and next day signed on his porters at the Consulate. "Today", he recorded, "has been the commencement of my troubles". There was the usual "try-on" of the men: some who had been engaged on the promise of a month's pay in advance, now demanded three. Price was not a man to suffer imposition and at last got them all contracted, except two or three of the noisiest whom he rejected. Next day, after wearisome delays that sorely tried his patience, he got them all on a dhow and they made a delightful passage to Saadani in 4½ hours. As the tide was running out and the dhow could not be brought near the shore, Price was carried astride on one man's stout shoulders. Bwana Heri received him cordially and loaned him a house. Asmani had proved unsatisfactory and was dismissed. Bwana Heri undertook to find a *kilongozi* who knew the route and the peoples, but Price determined to keep the conduct of the expedition as much as possible in his own hands.

"Saturday, 10th June. A day long to be remembered as the first of East African travelling with a (ox-) caravan".

That morning the *kilongozi* took up his Arab flag, the porters their fifty-pound loads, and the order to march was given. It was too risky to drive the cart through the very narrow lanes of Saadani, so men pulled it out of town. The oxen gave trouble when the moment came for inspanning; Wales was quiet enough; but Scotland threw up his heels and bolted; England and Ireland followed. They were caught after a long chase; Price put the yokes on their necks. Kanap took his place at their head, holding the leading reim, Price handled the driving whip and cried "Trek!" and off they went, all Saadani looking on astonished by this new thing.

To understand what followed it must be remembered that there was no semblance of a road, only narrow footpaths winding from village to village. As far as the first stop, Ndumi—5½ miles which they did in 2½ hours—the country was open and not a single tree had to be removed. Next day they had to cut a way through a tangled thicket and it took half an hour to make a hundred yards. For some time the principal obstacle was the "enormous" grass which in thickness and height surpassed anything that Price had ever seen.

On 12th June they were passing through gradually rising country and came upon a jungle "as dense as bush could be" and many large trees had to be cut down. It took $5\frac{1}{2}$ hours to do eight miles; but Price comforted himself with the reflection that the average rate of *pagazi* was not greater. One day the cart capsized once; next day thrice, pitching out its load. The leader was inexperienced and shoeless and feared to turn out of the footpath to avoid holes. Near Magubika on the 14th, the poor cart came to grief by running into a stump: the oxen pulled it to pieces in trying to free it. The damage was beyond repair by such resources as Price could command. Nothing could be done but to send it back to the village. It was a sore disappointment, for Price had hoped to take it through to Mpwapwa. He consoled himself that for the mere purpose of an experiment he had done enough. He would now go forward with his porters and the oxen and examine the terrain as to its suitability for wagon transport

He was now to find that porters, when so minded, can be more annoying than untrained oxen One day, after feasting abundantly, the men refused to march. We have no details of what ensued, for a leaf of Price's diary is missing at this point, but he seems to have resorted to "somewhat violent proceedings". After "a little bluster and bullying" the men were induced to take up their loads, "and in a few minutes the forest resounded with the merry shouts of the caravan". After crossing the Mshangazi river on the 17th—it was bridged by a large tree-trunk—they came to Kwamreri, overlooking the Rukigura river, which being ten yards across, rapid and deep, was the most serious obstacle to wagons that they had yet encountered The local chief accepted two *dotis* for *hongo* instead of the three which he had first demanded; and then asked for a *doti* in payment for doctoring the river against crocodiles by squirting "medicine" into it. It was no easy task to get the oxen and Price's riding donkey over the stream.

In his mind he compared unfavourably his present mode of travelling with that to which he was accustomed in South Africa. "Oh what a luxury wagon travelling is compared to this?" He filled pages of his diary with minute calculations of the relative expense and concluded that ox-transport would be the less costly. Travelling in the rains with inevitable delays caused by storms and the illness of the porters tried his patience to the limit, as his frequent prayers for that grace testify

On 21st June they reached Kidudwe, the first village in the Nguru country, after a strenuous march of twenty miles. After a day's rest there, they pressed on to Mweve on the Makindo river—where the illness of a porter halted them. They were now among the mountains and Price grew lyrical in his descriptions of the scene. "O glorious Nguru! How I have gazed at those mountains today!" "How long", he asked, "will Africa be left a waste, spiritually and materially? I believe there is here a glorious field for missionary enterprise." This impression was deepened when they travelled eight miles through a fertile valley, constantly in the depths of such cornfields as he had never seen, the valley and mountain side being dotted with villages "With a good road to the coast (it is easily made) the district might become a very important source of cereals." He was particularly pleased by the peaceable disposition of the inhabitants. "I feel quite drawn to the place and almost wish I could settle down at once among these peoples."

They now struck into the route H. M. Stanley had taken in 1871 and Price noted geographical errors that Stanley had made in his map. The march to Mkundi on the 26th, 14 miles in six hours, was along a most distressingly tortuous course which led them over several considerable streams, all easily forded. On the way to Magubika (second of the name) next day, they made slow progress at first over rough country that would be impracticable for wagons; and then came into a glorious stretch, ideal for wagons: high and dry, thin forest, hard ground, with scarcely any obstacle. Here they encountered the first and only show of hostility. A party of Luguru tried to capture the oxen but moved off when Price's men showed fight. They reached the village after sundown, all excessively fatigued. Price had not the heart to trouble Jim to cook a meal, but contented himself with a cup of coffee, a rusk and a little pumpkin—the only repast of the day. He suffered from the cold at night, even though he wore a thick flannel shirt and was covered with a thick rug and two coats. Two days were spent at Magubika because of the illness of some of the men. "These delays are very trying to the patience and demoralizing in their effect. God give me grace to serve Him in this mission. What or where should I be but for His grace?" On the 30th they started off in capital spirits, but had no easy going over the hills. "Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the country through which we have been passing for the last few days. The only thing that mars its loveliness is an excess of forest." A march of twelve miles brought them next day to Kitangi. A series of ravines made his heart sink within him at the thought of driving a wagon through them; but later there opened out before him the most cheering sight he had yet seen in East Africa and he exclaimed: "If there is anywhere a country so near the equator as this where Europeans can live and enjoy health—this must be it!". But here as elsewhere the insecurity of the people was only too evident: "It is a rare thing to see an adult male by day or by night without arms of some kind.". They were subject not only to the raids of slave-hunters but also to attacks by vagrant, marauding tribes such as the Masai.

They were now, it seemed to him, "on the very apex of a whole world"—mountains soaring beyond mountains. They had reached the rim of the inverted saucer to which the formation of the continent has been likened and were now to descend to the inland plateau. The march next day was long and hard; and Price wished he had a wagon and span of oxen to drive across the open plains, which presented no obstacle and were covered with short grass. It was the home of great herds of game and a good part of the eleven hours on the road were spent in hunting.

On Wednesday, 5th July, the 26th from Saadani, they reached their goal, Mpwapwa. In 1871 Stanley had taken 57 days from Bagamoyo. Price could say that he had not had a single hour of illness of any kind and no occasion to take a grain of medicine.

Price was impressed by the strategic importance of Mpwapwa. Like Shoshong, in Bechuanaland he said, it was not just the place one would choose to dwell in, but it was a gateway to vast regions beyond. Roads from all directions converged there. It appeared to be healthy: he would no more expect malaria there than at his station at Molepolole. Among the inhabitants, collected from many tribes, there was evidently scope for at least two

missionaries. Mpwapwa should be made a mission station and depot for the missions in the further interior. It was, in fact, occupied by the Church Missionary Society shortly after Price wrote those words.

On 8th July they marched out of Mpwapwa, accompanied by a concourse of the inhabitants led by a little boy vigorously beating a drum: it was a very fine specimen of a drum and Price tried in vain to buy it—the urchin demanded cloth which cost 25 shillings in Zanzibar. His men sang and fired their guns, all well pleased to turn their faces towards home.

We need not linger on the return journey, which was swift and prosperous. Soon after leaving Mpwapwa one man complained of great pain and rolled on the ground roaring in anguish. He said—and his comrades agreed—that he was possessed of a devil; and the devil, speaking through his mouth, delivered a message which was gravely interpreted for Price's benefit. It advised Price to be his own *kilongozi* because of some danger ahead; and demanded a red cock; a hen would not do; the cock must be red, not white, not black, nor any other colour but red. Its head must be cut off and the body left by the roadside near the last drinkable water they would reach before entering the waterless wilderness before them. This was evidently to avert some menace. The first part of the message conformed with Price's own inclination; but the second part he tactfully brushed aside. The devil in the man's stomach yielded to the persuasion of Price's pills; and nothing more was heard of him. Next day they were alarmed by the appearance of a body of men whom they took to be Masai. The gun-men of the caravan made ready to repel an attack and Price loaded his two-barrelled weapon. It was all needless; the "enemy" turned out to be a friendly hunting party. As soon as he caught sight of the meat they were carrying Price knew there was no danger. He wrote facetiously about it:

> "Thus peacefully ended the battle of Brack River Port. And possibly many an East African battle, which ends in cruel bloodshed, might end equally peacefully if people would but have the patience and humanity to wait and see whether the supposed foe *carried meat or not.*"

Marching rapidly, and often covering in one day a distance that took two or three on the outward journey, they reached Ndumi on 22nd July after picking up the broken cart they had left at Kwirehi. As they marched into the town with their flag flying the inhabitants turned out to welcome them with volleys by the men and shrill lululuings by the women. "One old hag thought that her music must be particularly charming to me, for she came and made a din in my ears that was almost deafening."

They went leisurely down to Saadani next afternoon and got the men and baggage on board a dhow before midnight. Bwana Heri with his usual consideration would not hear of his embarking till the tide turned and made him comfortable for a sleep on his verandah. He went aboard at 2 a.m. A heavy rainstorm did not damp the ardour of his men: they fired volley after volley as they approached Zanzibar.

> "I might have discovered the sources of the Nile or found Livingstone for the display that the men made on arrival. I felt much annoyed, but had not the heart to interfere with this innocent enjoyment on their part."

When he paid them off "they were all very well satisfied and expressed themselves as ready to go with me anywhere".

Bishop Steere welcomed him cordially. He had already rigged up a very respectable cart and expressed his intention of "going in for oxen in earnest". He promised to care for, and work, Price's oxen. Price lunched with Dr. Kirk. "He is much pleased with the success of my little expedition and interested in the fair prospect there seems to be opening up for the interior." Next day Dr. Kirk waited on him personally to present a letter from the Sultan, expressing satisfaction with the result of his visit and promising to render all the assistance in his power to further any efforts which might yet be made to open up the interior. An hour or two later a letter came from Dr. Kirk with an autographed photograph of the Sultan.

British Agency & Consulate General,
Zanzibar,

28th July, 1876

My dear Price,

You have I see made quite an impression on His Highness. I am asked by him to beg of you to accept and keep as a souvenir of your visit the accompanying photograph with H.H.'s signature.

I am sure you will be pleased to see that the work you have done is seriously appreciated and this will I hope encourage the Society.

Yours etc.,
John Kirk.

Next day Price boarded the steamer *Puttialla*, a small and narrow vessel that rolled considerably. And so to England, where he landed 6th September. So ended what he called "my little picnic". He had shown that there was a route from the coast to Mpwapwa that presented no insuperable obstacle to wagon-transport; and that it was possible to drive oxen along that route. He had not seen a single tsetse fly. This of course was not absolute proof that the fly was not there. The absence of cattle in the coastal region must he knew give cause to positive assertions to the contrary. Cattle may be bitten and yet show no symptom of trypanosomiasis until the next rainy season. Price, however, had driven four oxen two hundred miles to Mpwapwa and two hundred miles back during the rains. He was familiar with the symptoms of the disease—he had seen plenty of it in Ngamiland. If he had noticed any sign of it in his four oxen he would surely have recorded the fact.

Indeed he stated positively: "I regard the absence of tsetse between Saadani and Mpwapwa as settled. I took the four bullocks with me the whole way and left them at Saadani on my return, apparently in perfect health."

The interest and high hopes excited by Price's "little picnic" were by no means confined to missionary circles. He was present at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, 26th February, 1877, when a paper was read by Dr. Mullens describing his journey*. To the eminent men who took part in the discussion the redemption of Africa—the destruction of the slave-trade and the introduction of Christian civilization—depended in the first place upon a new method of transport: steamers on the rivers and lakes, wheeled vehicles on the land. "A healthy reform in the present method of intercourse and traffic, tantamount to a revolution", Dr. Mullens, Secretary of the Society, declared, "will bring the heart of Africa near to Europe, and will bind it in closer bonds to the whole civilized world." The President, Sir Rutherford Alcock, said bullock-wagons and steamers would effectually open up Central Africa, "and work all the marvels of an Aladdin's lamp.". It was told how Mr. E. D. Young, R.N., described the launching of a steamer on Lake Nyasa for the Livingstonia Mission; Sir Samuel Baker related how his expedition had conveyed the heavy parts of steamers 400 miles across the Libyan desert on gun-carriages drawn by camels—showing the advantage of wheeled carriages—and so Colonel Gordon now had a steamer on Lake Albert. Placed in this broad context Price's exploit appeared to be of great significance. Sir Bartle Frere looked upon it as a most important sign of progress; Sir Rutherford Alcock in his Presidential Address to the Royal Geographical Society, 28th May, 1877, again referred to Price's good service as most commendable.

Enthusiasm for the opening up of Central Africa reached a high-water mark when a great assembly in the Mansion House, London on 19th July, 1877, listened to eminent representatives of science, commerce, philanthropy and Christianity eloquently advocating the raising of a national African Exploration Fund under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society. Among the speakers were the Archbishop of York, Commander V. L. Cameron, Colonel Grant, Sir T. Fowell Buxton, Dr. Robert Moffat, Mr. S. Morley, M.P., Sir H. Barkly and Mr. E. Hutchinson, lay Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. All of them, from their several points of view, dwelt upon the prime necessity of new means of transport if Equatorial Africa was to be rid of the slave-trade and a Christian civilization brought in. Roger Price's little pioneer expedition was hailed as inaugurating a new era. "We only require a little further perseverance", said Sir Rutherford Alcock, "to have tramroads and access to the great inland sea. Mr. Price, with his bullock wagons, is only the pioneer of tramroads and railroads." Speaking with the authority of one who had recently traversed the continent from east to west—the first to do so—Commander Cameron said: "The slave-trade ought to be a source of burning shame to every civilized being who did not help to put it down by systematic exploration. When the roads are opened and bullock carts introduced as Mr. Price is doing now, the men will no longer be turned into beasts of burden, and in a few years there will be tramways up to the great lakes and the unparalleled system of water-communication in the centre of Africa being utilized, the whole of the interior of the continent will be opened to civilization and trade."†

**Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xxi, pp. 233 sqq. "A New Route and New Mode of Travelling into Central Africa, adopted by the Rev. Roger Price in 1876, described by Rev. Joseph Mullens, D.D."

†Ibid p. 601 sqq.

The Directors of the London Missionary Society, fortified by the knowledge that sympathetic eyes were fixed upon them, determined to act on Roger Price's report. On 27th November, 1876, they resolved to send a single party through to Lake Tanganyika, to adopt the new route from Saadani, and to abandon the hiring of porters in favour of ox-transport. Its destination was to be Ujiji but it might have "discretion to leave one or two at some intermediate station between Mpwapwa and the Lake". A sub-committee was appointed to choose and purchase the necessary stores; an order was sent to Bombay for six "Deccan" carts, stoutly built of teak; and eight other carts and two wagons were to be made at Beverley in England.

Roger Price was appointed leader of the expedition and the Rev. J. B. Thomson was summoned home from Matebeleland, where he had served since 1869, to act as second in command. Edward Coode Hore, Master Mariner, was selected as "the scientific member" and ultimately to have charge of a boat to be launched on the Lake*. Two other men were added: the Rev. A. W. Dodgshun, a new recruit from Cheshunt College; and Walter Hutley, a joiner and builder. No doctor accompanied them, but Thomson and Dodgshun had received some training in medicine and Price had acquired by practice considerable knowledge of African disease. Dodgshun and Price were to sail by the Cape and there to purchase trained oxen and enlist Africans accustomed to handling draught cattle. The other members were to travel direct to Zanzibar.

Price opened his journal on 29th March, 1877, by writing: "A day never to be forgotten by me. Is it to be the harbinger of good or of evil, of success or failure? May God grant of His great mercy that I may be able to look back upon this day with pleasure and not with regret!"

Next day he journeyed to Plymouth and embarked in the *Teuton* with his colleague Dodgshun. On the whole the voyage was prosperous, though Dodgshun narrowly escaped being swept overboard in a storm, and Price occupied himself in the study of Swahili, in the use of which he had made progress in his previous visit to East Africa. They arrived at Cape Town on 27th April. Price was invited to dine with Sir Bartle Frere who had recently become H. M. High Commissioner and Governor of the Cape; deeply interested in East Africa he had in 1872 negotiated a treaty with the Sultan of Zanzibar for the suppression of the slave traffic.

Dodgshun went on to Natal from Port Elizabeth in the *Asiatic*, to arrange about bullocks, while Price remained at Port Elizabeth for his recruiting campaign. He preached twice on the Sunday, once in Sechuana and once in Dutch and English, and on both occasions appealed for volunteers. Notice was given in all the native chapels that he would lecture on the new mission the following evening: the chapel was filled and after his address twenty-four men, three of them white, put down their names. More offers came in, and after careful inquiries thirteen Africans, one of whom was a Christian (named Franz Kane) from Molepolole, Price's station in Bechuanaland, and a European named Crawley were selected. These all signed an agreement before the local magistrate. Price arranged with Donald Currie's Union Shipping Co. to convey his bullocks from Natal and also, free of charge, 5,000 lb. of forage which he shipped at Port

*Mr. Hore wrote his experiences in *Tanganyika, eleven years in Central Africa* (1892). I have kept this before me, but in the main follow Price's manuscript journal.

Elizabeth. He shipped also a plentiful supply of wagon-tackle—yokes, strops, reims and chains. A small steamer, the *Natal*, carried him and his bulky cargo on to Durban, where he picked up his colleague and twenty Cape bullocks, handsome, vigorous and reputedly well-trained to the yoke. They sailed from Durban on 18th May and on the 22nd anchored off Quilimane. Fortunately the weather was kind, so most of the oxen, carried in the hold, were standing the voyage well, but two on deck caused anxiety as they refused their food and would not drink properly: "I suppose they must be bad sailors".

Price and Dodgshun took the men ashore to cut green grass for the oxen. The two sick beasts fell voraciously on this new provender: "the poor wretches had not tasted a bit of food for four days". At the island of Mozambique Price and Dodgshun again took the men ashore to get grass. They were entertained to dinner by the British Consul, Captain Elton, "a very thoughtful and enterprising man". Price and he had much in common, for Elton had travelled in the Matebele country and had traced the river Limpopo to its mouth.

The weather worsened towards Zanzibar; Dodgshun had his first attack of fever after being bitten by mosquitoes at Quilimane; crew and passengers suffered a kind of intestinal epidemic; but otherwise all went well; and on the last day of May they reached Zanzibar to be greeted by the rest of the party who had arrived two days previously.

At the end of June, they were joined by the Rev. E. S. Clarke from Natal. He had been present at Livingstone's funeral in Westminster Abbey and there made a vow to devote the rest of his life to service in Africa. He became pastor of a native church in Natal and was contemplating a journey from there to Lake Tanganyika by way of the Zambezi when the L.M.S. Directors invited him to join Price. He proved a useful member, but, as we shall see, did not stay the field.

At Zanzibar they also met the brothers Moir, Frederick and John. John had been fired by Livingstone's appeal to business men to lend a hand in the abolition of the slave-trade and in the opening up of Africa to civilization. To the brothers as to others, it was obvious that a pressing need was to provide mechanical transport in order to dispense with the necessity of slave labour and to introduce a legitimate commerce to displace the slave traffic. So these two men had thrown up excellent positions and were come as volunteers to make a road —planned by Sir T. Fowell Buxton and Sir William Mackinnon—from the coast at Dar es Salaam to Lake Nyasa. They had with them W. Mayes, a sergeant of Engineers who had Indian and Persian experience.* So, Price was happy to see, things were on the move and in the right direction. He was further encouraged when at the U.M.C.A. mission he saw all stone, lime, and other materials for building conveyed in locally made carts by oxen. "Is not that success?" he asked. "The same work, twelve months ago, would have been done by men carriers."

A still more encouraging fact was recorded on 9th June in Price's journal:

> "Mr Mackay has rendered us valuable service by cutting a road although he has not in all cases taken it the best way."

*F. L. M. Moir, *After Livingstone* (1923) p. 5 sq. They constructed twenty miles of road and then had to abandon it on account of the tsetse fly. They afterwards went to Nyasaland as joint-managers of the Livingstonia Central Africa Company, later transformed into the African Lakes Trading Corporation.

Alexander Mackay, an engineer by profession, who was a member of the C.M.S. pioneer expedition to Uganda, had fallen seriously ill before reaching Lake Victoria and been sent back to the coast. His first experience had sickened him of what he called the "execrable" system of human porterage and his thoughts turned to the ox-transport to which he had been introduced by Price. In January, 1877, he went to examine for himself the route that Price had opened from Saadani and returned to Zanzibar after marching 75 miles from the coast to the Rukigura river. The jungle through which Price had cut a way he found to have grown again, but, he reported, Price "has done good work in some of the worst places". As to the tsetse, he was satisfied that there could be none on that part of the route, for there were large numbers of cattle at all the villages he passed. He now decided to improve (or to prepare) the track for the use of himself and of the forthcoming L.M.S. mission. He began his work 25th April, 1877, and by 8th August had completed it as far as Mpwapwa. From that place he wrote optimistically: "The much talked-of problem of placing wagons has thus been comparatively easily solved. But I have had 100 days of really hard work".*

The immediate task of Price and his party may be summed up in a few words: (a) to purchase necessary goods and provisions, and engage extra men in Zanzibar; (b) to ship themselves, their men, vehicles, oxen and stores from the island to Saadani; (c) to prepare the vehicles and purchase and train additional teams of oxen; (d) to organize the expedition, pack the vehicles and—trek. It all sounds so easy; but nearly two months of herculean toil and nerve-racking anxieties were to elapse before they could make a start for the interior—and that start a false one.

**Church Missionary Society Intelligencer*, November 1877, p 650.

(*To be concluded.*)

SIR JOHN HENDERSON AND THE PRINCESS OF ZANZIBAR

By Sir John Gray

In the Scottish National Portrait Gallery at Edinburgh there are two portraits hanging side by side. One is clearly that of a seventeenth century soldier. The other is of two women, one of whom is unmistakably an African. In this article I hope to explain why these two portraits should be found in such close association.

The male portrait is that of Sir John Henderson of Fordell, Perthshire (fl. 1600-1650), whose career will be dealt with later. We know for a fact that at least one of the women appearing in the adjoining picture never sat for her portrait. The same is also probably true of the African woman in that picture. Both women have the long sloping shoulders, long necks, and straight lined noses, which are so often found in conventional seventeenth century portraits.

To turn first of all to Sir John Henderson: he was born about 1600. Like so many of his compatriots, from the age of about eighteen onwards he spent a number of years abroad but, except for the incident shortly to be related, we have very little information about him in those early days. He was back in his own country by 1625, for on 7th February of that year he married Margaret, daughter of William Menteith of Randiford, by whom he had five sons and five daughters. It would appear that he never again left Europe after this.

Henderson was knighted in 1640 or possibly earlier. In that year he crossed the border into England to join the army of Charles I in the Bishops' War against the Scots. As was to be expected, when the Civil War broke out two years later, he again espoused the cause of Charles I. In 1643 he led an unsuccessful expedition into Lincolnshire. In the account of that expedition given in his *Memoirs* Edmund Ludlow described Henderson as "an old soldier." Later in that year he was in command of the Royalist garrison of Newark. Dickinson, the historian of that town, calls him "a brave and honest commander." In the early days of 1644 he held the town during a siege which reduced the defenders to great straits until relieved by Prince Rupert at the end of March of that year.

After the Royalist debacle at Marston Moor, Henderson fell into the hands of the Parliamentarians. In June, 1645, when "his health and means had been exhausted by his long imprisonment", he was released on parole and allowed to proceed to Denmark. He was, however, back in England a few months later, ostensibly as an envoy of the King of Denmark. It was, however, apparent to the Parliamentarians that he was using his diplomatic status as a cloak for espionage and he was ordered to return to Denmark within fourteen days. That is the last that I know of Sir John Henderson's political and military activities. He died on 11th March, 1650.

An inscription on the portrait, which hangs beside that of Sir John Henderson gives an account of an earlier incident in Henderson's career and also explains why the two portraits now hang side by side in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

That inscription reads as follows:—

> "John Henderson of Fordel, travelling in his youth through several parts of Asia and Africa from the year 1618 to ye year 1628 was delivered into slavery by a (? Barbarian) in Zanquebar on the coast of Africa where a Princess of that countrie falling in love with him even to the renouncing her religion and country contrived the means of both their escape and getting aboard a ship trading up ye red sea landed at Alexandria where she died, whose picture John Henderson caused take with her black maid after their own country habit (costume). From ye original picture at Oterston by W. Frier 1751."

Rather more than half a century after Sir John Henderson's death a learned divine named William Miln published a sermon which was entitled *A Practical Essay, proving the Christian Religion to be from God.* It was sufficiently well thought of at the time to reach its second edition in 1714. The sermon is prefaced by an epistle dedicatory to a member of the Henderson family, which gives us the following information about his ancestor:—

> "John Henderson went abroad in his Youth, and travelled thro' most of the Countries in Christendom; he also followed the Military Way, and had Command in some war in Africa, where after a Defeat he was taken Prisoner by the Canibals; and when ready to be devoured by them he was ransomed by a Lady, whose Picture you have in your family, drawn with a Coronet upon her Head; and in the Ground of it is painted a Landskip representing his Deliverance."

In other words Miln adds details to the story which do not appear in the earlier inscription upon the portrait. In justice to him it should be said that this does not appear to be deliberate embellishment on his part. He evidently had not a copy of the inscription of the portrait in front of him at the time of writing and was in all probability acting upon information supplied to him by a member of the family.

In his *Baronage of Scotland* (published in 1798) Sir Robert Douglas tells us that:—

> "Sir John Henderson of Fordell, a man of parts and merit, who, having betaken himself to a military life, had a considerable command upon the coast of Africa, where, after a defeat, and when he was upon the point of being destroyed by them, was ransomed by a lady; whose picture with a coronet upon her head, and a landskip representing his deliverance, is still preserved in the family."

It would appear as if Douglas doubted the anthropophagy of Henderson's captors, but in all other respects his version of the affair is more or less the same as Miln's.

Except for the inscription upon the portrait and for the accounts of Miln and Douglas, I have been unable to discover any other record which throws any light upon the story of Henderson's captivity or which even affords some slight

corroboration of that story. Nevertheless, although in the opinion of some this absence of corroboration may tend to cast doubt upon the story, it does not necessarily completely destroy its veracity.

The story is not in itself so inherently improbable as to make it utterly unworthy of credence. The incident, if true, must have occurred between 1618 and 1625, at which latter date Henderson married Margaret Menteith in Scotland. In his *Description of Mombasa*, which was written in 1634, Rezende tells us that the island of Zanzibar was "for the most part inhabited by Arabian Moors, who most of them have a Moorish king, who is a great friend of the Portuguese. . . . He is not a vassal of His Majesty (of Portugal) and pays no tribute, but he favours and helps the Portuguese rather than be their vassal. The Captain of Mombasa has a factor here, who buys and sells in accordance with the instructions given to him." There was also a church there "with a Vicar of the Order of Saint Augustine to whom the King does all possible favours," though he himself was a Muslim. Both the factory and the church were on the site of what is now called the Old Fort in the town of Zanzibar. To judge from what we know of certain of his predecessors and successors, the "King" of Zanzibar lived in the interior of the island in the region of Dunga about eleven miles from the town of Zanzibar. If Henderson's story is true, it was a daughter of this ruler who helped Henderson to escape from captivity.

At the material dates in this story Zanzibar was more or less a *terra incognita* to people in the British Isles. The island had been visited in 1591 by the *Edward Bonaventure* and in 1609 by the *Union*. Both ships belonged to the English East India Company, but international jealousies prevented citizens of the northern kingdom from taking part in that Company's ventures. At this period no Scottish merchants appear to have indulged in ventures in the Indian Ocean. If therefore John Henderson sailed in those seas, it was in all probability in a vessel belonging to the Dutch East India Company. At this date many Scots were taking service in Holland. A petition, which he addressed to his English captors in May, 1645, asking for leave to send his man to Holland to obtain the wherewithal for his maintenance lends confirmation to this view. I have, however, been unable to find any record of any Dutch vessel having visited Zanzibar between 1618 and 1625. This of course does not necessarily mean that no ship carrying that flag ever visited the island during that period. Of one thing we can be certain from the story of the visits of the two English ships already mentioned. Any vessel flying English or Dutch colours which called at Zanzibar between those dates would have met with a hostile reception from the Portuguese, and, presumably also in his desire to favour and help the Portuguese, from the "Moorish King" of that island. Dutch vessels were possibly even more obnoxious than English, because they belonged to those whom contemporary Portuguese despatches termed "Hollander rebels." When the *Union* visited the island in 1609, two of her crew were killed by the local inhabitants and a third was carried off as a prisoner to Goa.

Henderson's story of his capture is therefore not an entirely improbable one. But suspicious minds may think that it bears too striking a resemblance to that of Rebecca Rolfe, whose monument is to be seen in the old church at Gravesend. Rebecca's husband was John Rolfe, whose real claim to fame should be that he was responsible for the first production of the tobacco which was the foundation of the prosperity of the State of Virginia. For most people, however, he basks

in the reflected glory of his wife. Rebecca was not Mistress Rolfe's original name. She was once called Pocahontas, the daughter of the Indian chief Powhatan and the heroine of one of the best known traditions in early American history. The story goes that in 1607 Captain John Smith, one of the makers of Virginia, was waylaid whilst exploring the Chickahominy River and made a prisoner by Powhatan. He was on the point of being put to death by his captor, when Pocahontas, then a girl of twelve years, sprang forward, seized his head in her arms and thereby saved his life. She is also said to have come again to Smith's aid a year later by revealing a plot against him by her father. Doubts, however, have been cast upon the truth of this story. Smith, who was constantly the central figure in all his narratives, published a number of books on New England between 1608 and 1620, but made no reference in any of them to his association with Pocahontas. Nor does his story appear in the narratives of his companions, who usually give him full credit for his exploits. It was not until 1624, when he published his *General History of Virginia*, that he first told the story of himself and Pocahontas. In 1616 the heroine, who had by then become Mistress Rebecca Rolfe, arrived in England with her husband. She created something of a furore as the attractive daughter of an Indian "emperor" and the first convert of her tribe to Christianity. Amongst other things Ben Jonson introduced her into his *Staple of News* (first produced in 1625). But the English climate claimed her as a victim. She died at Gravesend in 1617. It is much to be feared that both Smith and his publishers succumbed all too readily to the temptation to bring her on the stage in the character of an attractive heroine to share the limelight with the redoubtable Captain John Smith, who was ever the hero of his own books.

Smith's *General History* saw the light of day just about the time that John Henderson returned to Scotland. Was the latter striving to emulate the former? Personally I am disposed to think that this was not the case. In the first place, it should be pointed out that it was the Reverend William Miln, and not Henderson himself, who at a much later date "pocahontased" the princess from Zanzibar. Henderson's own version of the affair is presumably that appearing upon the the portrait, namely, that she rescued him from slavery, and not from death. Henderson cannot therefore be made to suffer in reputation for the later embellishments of Mr. Miln and Sir Robert Douglas.

There is no evidence directly proving the story to be false. It is certainly not inherently improbable and in my opinion there is some evidence tending to show that it may be true. If Henderson had merely been telling a fictitious story, would he have gone to the trouble and expense of having this portrait painted? Surely in so doing he was seeking to perpetuate the memory of somebody, who had once been very dear to him and to whom he was under an unforgettable obligation. *Dum memor ipse mei: dum spiritus has regit artus* (So long as I can remember: so long as there is breath in my body) may well have been the sentiment which prompted him to have this portrait painted.

Moreover, "her black maid", who appears in company with the princess, seems to lend conviction to the story. If she had never existed, she was not necessary for the purposes of the story, and one cannot see why in such circumstances she should ever have been introduced into it. In my opinion she appears in the portrait because she did in fact accompany her mistress and John Henderson from Zanzibar to Alexandria. Of her later history I know nothing.

With a writer in *The Times* of 9th February, 1954, I agree that it is a pleasant tribute to this old romance that the portrait which Sir John Henderson had painted of his princess and her African servant has now been allowed to hang, next to his own likeness, among the worthies of Scotland.

The above is my own personal view but, having laid all the relevant facts before the reader, I must now leave it to him or her to form an opinion according to his or her belief or way of thinking.

(I must express my acknowledgments to Mr. R. E. Hutchison, Keeper of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, Mr. J. R. Seaton, Assistant Keeper of Books in the National Library of Scotland, and Mrs. E. Joyce Chaplin for the trouble they have been at in supplying me with information, which could only be obtained in the United Kingdom. I am also indebted to Mr. H. B. Thomas for first bringing to my notice the story of Henderson and the Princess from Zanzibar.)

THE SARABWE LAVA FLOW, KIEJO, RUNGWE DISTRICT

By D. A. Harkin

Tertiary and Recent volcanics are found in two main areas of Tanganyika. The larger group, which covers much of the Northern Province, has received some publicity from time to time as a result of investigations on Kilimanjaro and the renewal of volcanic activity such as the eruption of Oldonyo Lengai in August, 1954. In comparison the Rungwe Volcanics at the northern end of Lake Nyasa have yielded little of general public interest and are thus less well known. Geological mapping in the Rungwe District in 1951 showed, however, that this smaller and isolated group of vocanic rocks also displays some interesting volcanological features. One of these is the young lava flow coming from two parasitic cones, Sarabwe and Fiteko* on the north-western side of Kiejo. Kiejo is one of the major centres of eruption of the Rungwe Volcanics. It is situated about 10 miles east of Tukuyu.

The youthful nature of the flow is evident from its general appearance, unweathered condition, paucity of overlying soil and the nature of the vegetation it carries. It is further emphasized by the following features:—

(a) Despite its proximity to Rungwe, the major central volcano, the flow is, unlike the other rocks in the vicinity, uncovered by the Rungwe pumice tuffs, which were regarded by previous investigators (see E. Lehmann, 1924) as representing the last episode of activity. It is thus younger than the pumice tuffs.

(b) The distribution of the flow is governed by what is virtually present-day topography. From the top of Kiejo, it has flowed down the valley of the Mbunga, a tributary of the Mbaka River, sometimes dividing to flow around hills and ridges, afterwards rejoining further down the valley.

The flow is black in colour and is in strong contrast with the neighbouring rounded hills and ridges, which have a cover of cream-coloured pumice tuffs. Its course is therefore well shown on the air photographs of the area. On these the "wrinkling" and other flow structures on the surface of the lava can be seen. The flow ends two miles above the Mbaka-Mbunga confluence, having travelled about five miles from its source at Sarabwe and Fiteko. (1)

Sarabwe and Fiteko are scoria† cones situated about half a mile apart. Sarabwe, the larger and higher, has an altitude of 7,135 feet, about equal to the highest point on Kiejo itself. Fiteko, which is north-west of Sarabwe, is at a lower altitude, so that whereas Sarabwe "hangs-on" to the steep upper-side of the mountain, Fiteko has been built up on a gentler slope and has thus achieved a more regular conical form about 200 feet high (see Plate I). Between Sarabwe

*In Kinyakyusa, "Sarabwe" means a place where there is volcanic ash, hand bombs, etc.: "Fiteko" comes from "ndeko", a cooking pot.

†Scoria is lava with very numerous gas cavities which are irregular in shape.

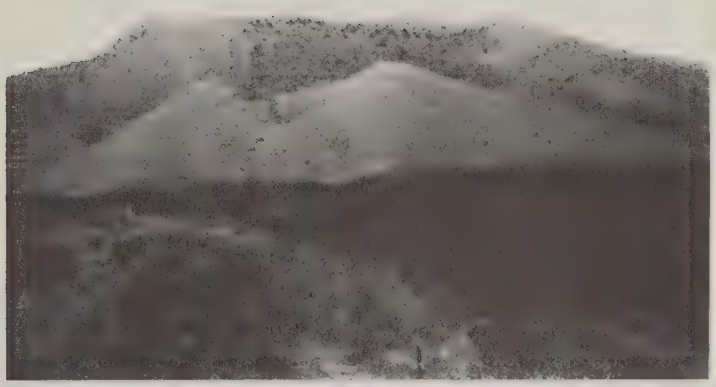

PLATE I—View showing Fiteko with Kiejo in background. The outline of Sarabwe can just be seen in right background, beyond the crater rim of Kieju.

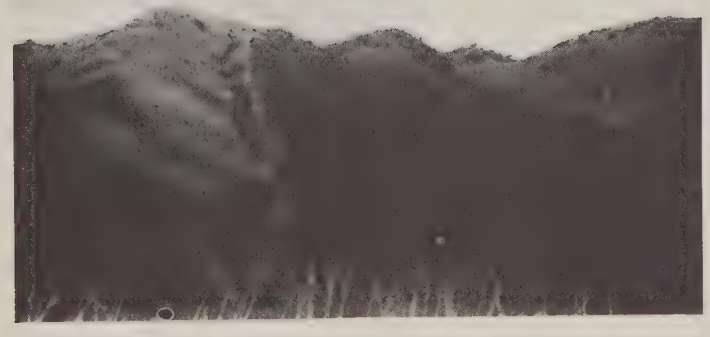

PLATE II—Looking down on lava flow (dark vegetation), from the crater rim at Sarabwe, Rungwe District.

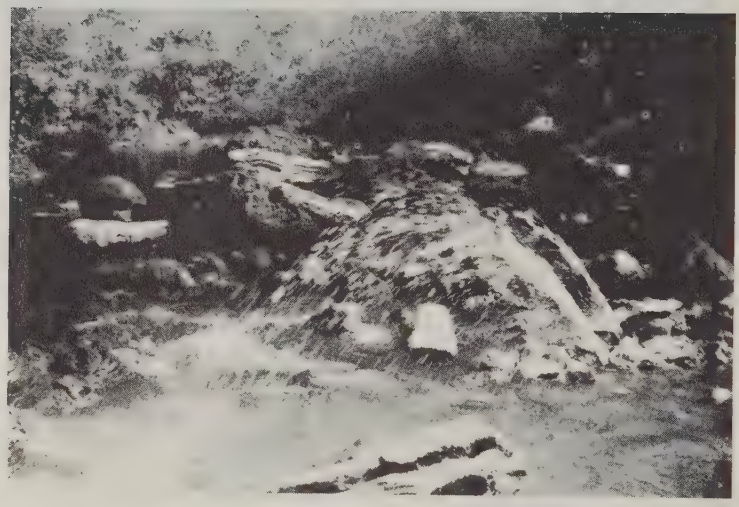

PLATE III—Hot spring at Kalambo, Rungwe District.

and Fiteko is a line of small cinder mounds and orifices, with a fissure-like pattern, and another small cone is situated on the course of the lava flowing from Fiteko. All of these features have a north-westerly alignment, a reflection of the dominant tectonic trend of the region at the northern end of Lake Nyasa. Both the cones have been breached by lava flows (Sarabwe more so than Fiteko), which join to form one flow about a mile downhill from the respective sources. The Sarabwe flow is the larger and, near to the cone, shows prominent lateral ridges (see Plate II). In its lower parts the flow has an average thickness of about 20 feet.

The cindery material making up the cones and mounds is generally blackish in colour. Bombs and lapillae often display the spindle and almond shapes caused by cooling during projection from the orifices.

Age

Lehmann, whose work is based on rocks collected by other investigators, in this case W. Bornhardt (1900, p. 190), did not visit the area personally and was thus unaware that this tephrite is younger than the Rungwe pumice tuffs. The local Nyakyusa seem to have no legends connected with pumice showers although it is thought that the last eruption of pumice probably took place only some hundreds of years ago. Numerous enquiries about the lava flow among the local inhabitants brought to light a local historian, one Andulile Kajigiri, a headman from Lusanje Village, on the north side of Kiejo. His account, based on information passed down through previous generations, is remarkable in that it might well apply to a present day eruption.

The narration is as follows:—

> "The eruption was predicted a year before it happened by a prophet, Kipenya Nkunguruka, who said it would commence at about 7 o'clock in the morning. The first sign of activity was a long plume of whitish smoke seen at 10 o'clock in the morning. By about noon this had reached cloud-like proportions and blotted out the sun. The people were much afraid and began to pray to their gods. Rumbling and thunder-like sounds also began at 12 noon and went on until about 8 o'clock at night. When night came they saw fire and red-hot ash coming out of Sarabwe and Fiteko. They waited until midnight and as nothing else had happened by then, went to bed for the night. Shortly afterwards, at about 1-2 a.m. the lava came down the valley engulfing villages whose people were still asleep. Those on the higher ground saw the red glow of the lava spreading below them and smoke rising from it. When morning came the lava was still smoking and was quite soft. It kept moving for two days, slowing up and finally stopping on the third day. Smoke, fire and cinders continued to be emitted from the cones—Sarabwe was active for the first day only but Fiteko continued for three days—with waning activity. People would not cross over the lava flow for about 16 months afterwards."

Fortunately Andulile Kajigiri kept some record of his ancestry, and by tracing back with him it was possible to construct a family tree with approximate dates as follows:—

Mwambapa	Born	1773
	Died	1853
Kajigiri	Born	1841
	Died	1919
Maruenga	Born	1872
	Died	1935
Andulile Kajigiri		

The eruption took place when Mwambapa was a young man of about 25 years and can be dated as approximately 1800 A.D.

General Considerations

There is little evidence available to enable any prediction to be made concerning possible future volcanological activity in the Rungwe District. Activity cannot be considered extinct as there are several hot springs in the area, for example at Kalambo, about 9 miles south of Sarabwe, where the temperature of the water probably exceeds 70° C. (see Plate III) and at Mampulo and Kasimulo, near the Nyasaland boundary, about 11 miles west of Lake Nyasa, where the temperature is only slightly less.

Also of considerable interest is the observation of F. Behrend (in Lehmann, 1924, p. 13) made on a well shaft sunk in the boma courtyard at Tukuyu. Here several beds of pumice tuffs are separated from each other by broad layers of black-brownish soil averaging one metre in thickness, indicating a time interval between each shower sufficient for the formation of soil from the pumice. Judging from the thickness of the soil overlying the uppermost bed of pumice, Behrend thought that "the present period of quiescence appeared to be approximately as long as the time interval between two of the preceding eruptions".

While an eruption of a lava flow similar to that from Sarabwe could be a serious matter in the thickly-populated Rungwe District, pumice showers similar to those of the past would have much more devastating and widespread effects. Here then is another Tanganyika area where a careful and continuous record should be made of relevant data such as temperatures of hot springs, so that possible future volcanic activity might be predicted.

References

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FIGURE I

PETROLOGICAL NOTE

(1) The flow is made up of dark greyish-black basaltic-looking lava which is usually very vesicular and scoriaceous. On the flanks of the cones near the vents the more scoriaceous types are sometimes dark purplish-red. In most of the lava, banding and flow structures are common. The rock is usually porphyritic, containing phenocrysts of augite up to about 8 mm. in size, some rare crystals of olivine which occasionally also attain this size, and sparse small phenocrysts of plagioclase. Among other minerals recorded are barkevikitic hornblende and apatite. Under the microscope the groundmass is seen to be mainly glassy, only occasionally showing the beginnings of crystallisation. The vesicles often have a thin coating of secondary calcite. Staining tests and chemical analysis carried out by Lehmann, who gives a detailed petrographic description (1924 p. 71) show the rock to be a tephrite, as it contains a considerable amount of felspathoid occult in the groundmass.

BARIKIWA POTTERY

By A. R. W. Crosse-Upcott

Barikiwa lies about 150 miles inland from Kilwa, a port some 200 miles down the coast from Dar es Salaam. In a sense, it is a hub of the Liwale Sultanate, a sparsely populated, 100-mile square block of forest country which I shall call Ngindoland. Wherever you go in Ngindoland, you may assume that every earthenware pot in use will have come from Barikiwa. The latter owes its near-monopoly of the industry to the presence of potter's clay at a point close to the source of the river bearing the same name, and to the skill of its women potters.

History

It is not possible to date with any certainty the discovery of clay at Barikiwa. But the fact that prior to the adoption of the present name, a version of *Mmalakila*, generic name of an outsize tree which stood in the valley until the opening years of the present century, the river and valley were known as *Nautupi*, "the place with earth," indicates some antiquity. For there exists concrete evidence in the shape of German gravestones to show that Barikiwa had received official recognition as early as 1900. On the other hand, the site lacks visible signs of such extensive working of the clay as would have been occasioned by lengthy exploitation. However, the abrupt slope into which the shaft used plunges, may well consist of solid clay throughout, subsidence obliterating previous excavations. Such a collapse is known to have occurred in German days, with the loss of several lives. Traces of that ready-made grave remain to this day. I found only one man who claimed to know the deposit's history. A female slave, Ntandira, began the industry. She was a Yao and belonged to Mbaragula, a resident of Barikiwa. She was seen by persons alive today and taught both her husband, who was also a slave, and the wives of free born neighbours. Other informants rejected this story as absurd, insisting that the art had not been imported in this way and that the clay had been in use generations before. Certainly, the name 'Nautupi' seems to bear them out.

Clay

The tunnel at Ngondoro, name of the minor tributary which it commands, penetrates about 100 feet on a gentle downward gradient. It appears to follow a single passage, for the reason that any deviation would lie in total darkness. Why? Because fire and artificial lights are taboo. There may be a rational explanation of this. The place has a strong odour of chlorine, so strong as to neutralise that of the thick carpet of droppings left by generations of bats. Perhaps the vapour was thought combustible, or in some other way dangerous. I have yet to find anyone to support this theory but even electric torches figure on the prohibited list! Ngondoro offers safe access only during the dry season when its pink walls grow hard and rock-like, whereas, despite its high position near the crest of a ridge, flooding accompanies rainy weather, the cause of frequent falls. Hence pottery comes to a standstill for six months in the year. The clay, ranging from near-white—I have seen it used as chalk on Muslim prayer-boards—to pale orange-red, demands no little effort, chipped laboriously with an implement, *njindinga*, resembling a reinforced lawn-edger.

The Sybil

Wild animals are thought to give the cave a wide berth, for which a local woman whom I shall call the Sybil, takes the credit. A determined old woman, she deplores the lack of attention paid her by this impolite generation, hinting that leopards, snakes and all manner of horrors would take up residence in her domain were it not for her constant appeasement of the spirits. Formerly she and her husband, son of a Yao immigrant, lived across the valley from Ngondoro's mouth. Now a widow and a very old lady, she performs her functions at a distance of two or three miles downstream. As for the question of a successor, although the Sybil declares that no successor will be found, I am assured that one will be forthcoming. Etiquette forbids that the choice be made during the lifetime of the holder. There is nothing to stop a male from assuming office, and, indeed, the Sybil herself inherited it from her father. Unfortunately, I never saw her offer a sacrifice in her capacity as clay-priestess.

Mining

The Sybil can in no sense be regarded as owner of the clay. Few miners ever bother to approach her, unless, as she points out, some trouble or other arises—high breakages in firing, if not some more sensational form of loss. It is said that in former days right of entry was limited to members of the group living in Barikiwa, whereas only latterly has it become customary for outsiders to go in. However, those buried alive in a disaster of fifty years ago were Liwale-boma folk. So the practice is not a recent one. Nowadays all and sundry enter, excepting for certain lineages whose relatives were among the casualties, a good illustration of the way in which group prohibitions originate. Even a resident, entering for the first time, must observe the formality of fashioning a toy pot, when the external clay is still moist, and placing it above the opening as a token offering. If a dry season visitor and unable to comply, the initiate must take a green leaf, spit on it and cast it down into the aperture. The leaf must be that of the *Ntogo*, a tree figuring prominently in a wide variety of Ngindo ceremonies. Such was the protocol I followed. The ban on lights and lamps extends to coins, but no further; other objects may be worn or carried. Neither individual nor family is at liberty to set aside a particular pitch for exclusive use.

Potters

Pottery remains a feminine preserve. Yet men are not inherently debarred. They frequently assist with the strenuous task of digging, whilst blacksmiths fashion their own bellow nozzles, *Mbira*. Potters of repute do not number above a score in Barikiwa proper, that is to say, not one in ten adults. Some few ply the trade outside, notably at Mpengere (about 25 miles to the south-west), a rival source of clay. Pottery is far from being an overcrowded profession, hence a skilled wife can be a very profitable acquisition. Besides automatically supplying household needs, she may derive a respectable income as well. The huge vessels that are the most troublesome to make will fetch as much as ten shillings a piece at Liwale-boma. Three shillings is a common price for vessels of intermediate size. Outright sale occurs less frequently than a sort of reciprocal arrangement between potter and client. The client will dig the clay, cut the wood for firing, provide rations—flour being essential lest the potter, whether truthfully or no, should plead inability to work on grounds of household commitments such as pounding grain. The client will also help throughout the work. In

return, she can expect to get a proportion of the pots fired. Breakages likewise are a joint responsibility. Since pots cannot be ordered, made and delivered quickly, a number of local women act as intermediaries, taking money from visitors and acting as their agents. They say that no commission is payable and that all contacts follow kinship relationships, hence the absence of payment.

Mothers frequently teach their skill to daughters, or daughters-in-law, physical children generally parting company at adolescence owing to the practice of infant girl betrothal, followed by virilocal marriage; but hereditary sequence need not be followed. Any girl may learn, though inevitably through the medium of a more or less close relative.

Technique

The dry clay, *utupi*, needs to be thoroughly soaked, *u-konga*, before it becomes manageable, a phase lasting two days as a rule. Potsherds, *kijonjo* plural *vijonjo*, are pounded down and used as potter's 'grog'. A largish pot requires a lump, *liluli*, of processed clay about the size of a bowling wood. Placed in a shallow depression in the hard ground, and with an insulation of leaves to prevent loose particles of soil adhering, the lump is pulled outwards, *kuhuta*, with the fingers until it has become a hollow, demi-spherical shape; after which, in the case of narrow-necked vessels, it is built up with additional pellets scraped off the as yet thick-sectioned base. Finally, the pot reaches its required height but with relatively flat sides, the bulge still to be imparted. This is effected likewise with the hands, one palm laid open on the outside to maintain the shape, the other moulding and paring deftly within, until the fragile eighth of an inch profile emerges. A small, spoon-like, bevelled piece of wood, *nayi*, literally bamboo, the wood most frequently chosen for its smoothness, then comes into play to render the exterior surface uniform, whilst the actual lip is built up afresh and carefully edged with the same implement. Both *nayi* and fingers are constantly dipped in water to eliminate friction. The potter, *muyi*, at first seated, legs apart flat on the ground, rotates the vessel according to the side she wishes to model. Later she may have to rise, stooping to work on the superstructure. The ultimate size of a vessel often depends on her reach.

Before the pot is firm enough to be inverted and for work to begin on the underside, *kupatula*, a day must pass. After this the distinctive decorative fringe, *nembo*, is incised with minute strokes of a sharp shell, *likogotero*. Several patterns exist but only one professedly native to the area, a band of parallel oblique strokes. The remainder include angular motifs, elliptical ones and also a dotted design. Each serves as a trade-mark peculiar to a particular expert or group, though much overlapping occurs and some are known to have been copied from neighbouring tribes. During safaris over the vast area peopled by the Ngindo and outliers, that is the square formed by the coast and Lake Nyasa and by the Ruvuma and Rufiji rivers, I noticed certain broad correspondences in the ornamentation. For instance, the Makonde–Mwera–Makua complex of the Lindi hinterland appeared to favour bold diagonal and criss-cross arrangements of straight lines. In this they approximated to the people of eastern Songea. Between the two, however one found the typical horizontal bars of the Yao. These are only impressions and time did not allow a systematic study. Livingstone, at Mataka's (Yao) on the mid-Ruvuma in 1866, noticed pots having their "rims ornamented with very good imitations of basket work" (Last Journal).

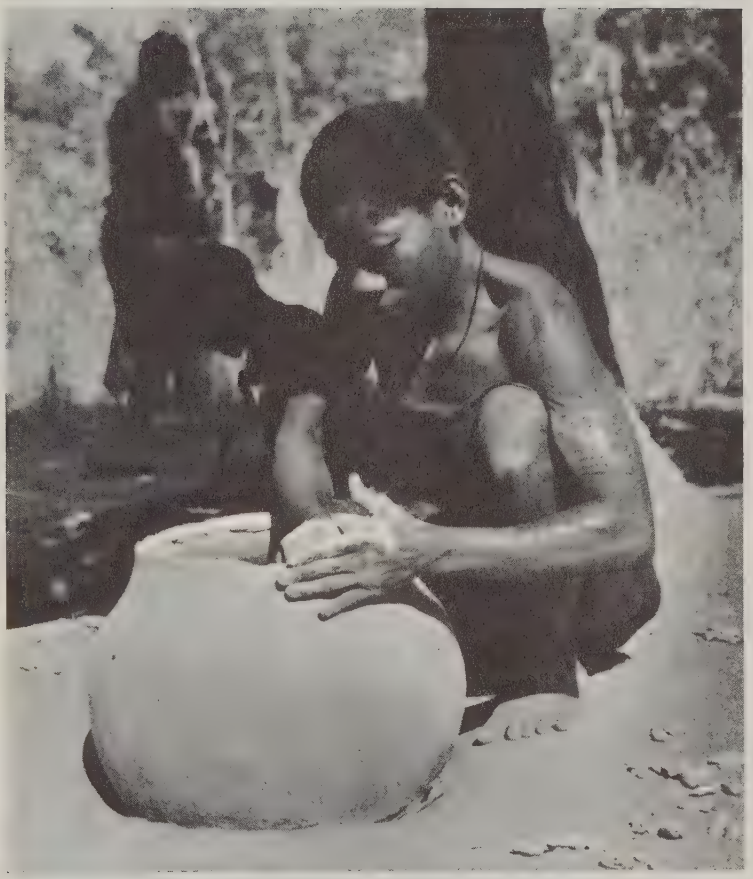


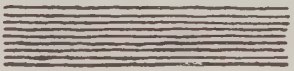
PLATE I—Modelling the Neck

PLATE II—Trimming the Base

PLATE III—Staining a Pot after Firing

PLATE IV

SOME NEMBO PATTERNS SEEN IN THE BARIKIWA AREA

DESIGN	ALLEGED ORIGIN	DESIGN	ALLEGED ORIGIN
	NGINDO		NGINDO
	〃		〃
	〃		〃
	〃		〃
	〃		〃
	〃		YAO
	〃		〃
	〃		〃
	〃		〃
	〃		MAKUA

An accompanying illustration shows a semi-symmetrical triangular design, like those of present Makua. After a further interval, depending on the dryness of the atmosphere but generally two days, the task of roughly burnishing the pot begins, *kukulungila*, this time with a smooth pebble, *libwe*, the usual word for a stone. The pot is then placed alongside a slow wood-fire, *kubabula*, for the space of a day. Only now can it safely be fired.

The "kiln" consists of a simple flat-topped bonfire, the wood placed crosswise to enclose the vessels, but without any elaborate arrangement. The pots stand upright, and may rest one on top of the other. No hole or trench is dug underneath. The pyre, standing four or five feet high and situated in the forest itself where fuel comes to hand, is ignited on the windward side and allowed to burn down to ash. The firing-time cannot exceed half an hour. Then the pots are taken out, *kugoba*, by long hooked sticks, *mgombwa*, plural *migombwa*.

Then, while still very hot, they are stained with a liquid bark-brew, *ntera gwa kuhimulira*, literally "medicine to extinguish", that has been simmering the while on a separate fire. This stain is ladled from cupped green leaves (no specific variety) and allowed to dribble down both without and within, though not forming a regular coat. The stain was formerly extracted from Mtumbati bark, but nowadays from Nchenga, Ngonogo or Mhwaniga (this is because the primary choice has been scheduled by government) and imparts a sort of glaze. Initially the practice may have been designed to ensure waterproofing, then persisted as a customary requirement. Most local people are unable to advance a material reason other than decorative. A dozen vessels of intermediate size may be fired at a sitting, and breakages are not more than about 10 per cent, given a competent potter. I suspect falling firewood to be responsible for a high proportion of losses. The term used to describe the pottery process as a whole is "*kubumba*."

Beliefs

The completed vessels present a striped appearance, the stain being wine red in colour and leaving a near-permanent dye. Possibly the presence of this substance is at the root of the prohibition on food cooked in a new pot. Informants say that fear of contracting diseases such as leprosy, associated with conditions of the skin and resembling the streaky markings, have prompted the taboo. By a curious argument the same claim attends the application of the "medicine" by the potter, who also fears the disease which causes the skin to grow as pale as an untreated pot. Both cleansing and staining have the name "*kihimulira*." Nembo ornamentation evokes a similar tale. The potter is bound to make some indentation in the surface, otherwise on the analogy of human beings she would be creating a monstrosity, "something with only a mouth".

Pots

Whilst the method of production does not vary there is a wide range of vessel types, each with its name, shape, size and function. Every pot falls into one category or another. Hybrids are unknown. The distinct varieties used are: for cooking (for staple porridge and cassava) are the *chaliku*; for relishes the *kikalango*; for beer the *kikologo*; for serving food the *kiluke*, equivalent of a plate; for storage of liquids and solids the *kiluyo*, largest of all; also the *kihulo* and *kipumbulu* or *ndondolo;* for washing the *likelende*. Although considerable

variation in size occurs within one and the same class, shape alters scarcely at all. Narrow-necked are the *kihulo*, *kiluyo*, *kikologo* and *kipumbulu/ndondolo*. Wider mouthed, with a pronounced lip, are the *chaliku*, and more open still the *kiluke*, together with the *likelende*, *kikolango* and *nkungu*. The latter sometimes has a ring base or pedestal beneath and serves as a cover, whilst the *ndano*, or lid proper, is now copied from alien models. Likewise the *kitecho*, incense burner. Islam had no great hold over Ngindoland before the turn of the century. Pots in general are referred to as *ibiga* (singular *kibiga*) and have a life of anything up to decades, depending on treatment, repairs being made with beeswax.

FOUR GOGO FOLK TALES

By W. J. Carnell

The four versions of Gogo folk tales which follow are from originals contained in a vernacular collection entitled *Zimbazi ze Zifumbo, Nhandaguzi ne Zisimo ze Cigogo*, edited by "J. E. B.", and published by the S.P.C.K. in 1901. "J. E. B." was the Rev. J. E. Beverley of the C.M.S. Mission, Mpwapwa, and, in his foreword, he states that the folklore was collected by two Gogo teachers, Andereya and Nhonya, and transcribed by him without emendation other than standardization of spelling and punctuation. The material was reprinted by the C.M.S. in 1953 for use in a mass literacy campaign among the Gogo. Of these two teachers, it has been ascertained from an old Gogo who knew them, that Nhonya was a native of Cumuhowe, where the first C.M.S. mission station was established by the Rev. Henry Cole. He is said to have died at the coast. Andereya was an inhabitant of Ibwaga, on the other side of the Kiboriani range. His wife Losa is said to have been alive and resident near Lake Kimagaye until very recently. The collection may, therefore, fairly be taken as representative of the folklore of the Mpwapwa-Kongwa area as it existed sixty years ago. That this is so is further evidenced by the fact that many of the tales are still common property in the remoter parts of this area, together with others not contained in the collection. The fact that nearer Mpwapwa township the folklore is generally not known by the younger generation, or is related in a mutilated and jumbled form, is sad but not altogether surprising.

The collection consists of thirty-two folk tales, two hundred proverbs and sixty-odd riddles. Before considering the folk tales, specimens alone of which are furnished here, reference should be made to their context in Gogo life. They were, and, where they survive, still are, related by mothers and old people to children at *muduwo*, the conversation around the fire at the evening meal. It is stated that, formerly at any rate, accuracy in the telling was prized, and that skilled narrators enjoyed a reputation. A special feature of the tales, though not of those given here, is that songs and refrains form an integral part of them, usually coming in at critical points of the narrative For example, lion-men sing a refrain when they undergo their metamorphosis at midnight, and the disobedient wife of the absent elephant-hunter invokes her husband's aid with a song when she is about to be devoured by the monstrous beast into which a small black tick has suddenly inflated itself on the road. No English rendering can attempt to produce either the effect of these songs or the wealth of dramatic expression with which the tales are told by an expert narrator.

As to how far Gogo folklore conforms to the pattern of eastern Bantu folklore in particular and of universal folklore in general, little attempt will be made here to hazard an opinion, though it is clear that some of the fables at any rate, such as specimen No. IV below, belong to well-known Bantu types. Instead, it may be more useful to try to indicate some of its main features as they appear in the published collection and in the tales which are still current among the people. It presents a tangled skein of myth and folk-hero exploits; fables relating the origin of animal characteristics; witchcraft tales; stories relating how various taboos came to be imposed or relaxed, and so on. Of the thirty-two

tales in Beverley's collection, which, since the purpose of their publication was to provide a vernacular reading-book, may be taken to have been some of the most popular and well known among the Gogo at the turn of the century, twelve may be classified as "pure" fables; seven have mixed animal and human characters and also contain a witchcraft element; five deal, in a special way, with ghosts (*masoce*); of the remaining eight, three are concerned entirely with witchcraft, two recount incidents of tribal wars, one is pure folk myth (specimen No. II below), one is a story of the external soul, and one, concerning three magic gifts, appears as though it may be of coastal origin. Analysed from the point of view of surface similarities to universal folklore, seven of the tales contain the Cinderella or Cawupele motif; the five ghost stories are of the fee-fi-fo-fum variety; four have a Red Riding Hood flavour and relate the hairsbreadth escapes of children from lion-men and hyena-men; four relate the origin of cattle, seeds, etc., and one has a wicked step-mother theme. An attempt is here made to consider some of these subjects in more detail.

Cawupele.—The folk hero Cawupele (he of the scabies) figures in several of the tales in the published collection and more largely in the unrecorded tales still extant. He is the youngest son, despised of his elder brothers because of his weakness and his ailment. After they have failed, it is always he who does the mighty deed. He climbs a tree which reaches up to heaven and brings back corn seeds (specimen No. II). When his brothers, suitors for a beautiful girl, are baffled by the test question as to what kind of carrying-cloth she was wrapped in when a baby, it is he who replies with consummate ease that she was carried in a cloth made of the skin of a louse. It is he who slays a giant bird which is robbing him and his brothers of their meat on a hunting-trip. Again, in tales in which he does not figure by name, it is always the youngest son, or youngest daughter, who shows more wisdom and courage than the other children and who extricates them from their difficulties and dangers (specimen No. I). It is he, or she, who remembers the magic words which unlock the hyena's door, or who jerks the string attached to the big toes of her sisters and wakes them in the nick of time when they are about to be eaten by lion-men. This theme of "the despised one" opens up conjecture, which cannot be pursued here, as to how far it may be a compensation for the low esteem in which the Gogo have, in the past, been held by their neighbours the Hehe and the Masai, a low esteem of which they themselves are acutely conscious. Much more certainly it is connected with the position of the *muziwanda*, the youngest son, in Gogo customary law. In northern Ugogo the *muziwanda* is the principal heir on the death of his father, and in southern Ugogo he ranks second, after the eldest son, in the sequence of heirs.

Ghosts (*masoce*).—In the folklore, these commonly inhabit the huge outcrops of rock which are a feature of Ugogo. A recurring theme is that of children wandering in the bush in time of famine, and of their suddenly coming upon ghosts entering a cave in the rocks. They wait until the ghosts emerge to drive away their cattle to the pastures, and then creep in. They help themselves to honey and milk from the ghosts' gourds, and then hide in a corner, having first provided themselves with a smouldering firebrand. When the ghosts come back at evening, they sniff suspiciously—"Phuh! Our house reeks of human beings!"—but, overlooking the children hiding behind the pile of firewood in the corner, go on with their tasks of milking, churning, etc. Then the chief of the ghosts obligingly sits down near where the children are hiding. The youngest

son (or daughter) creeps out with a noose and, as quick as thought, ties his mop of hair (a curious feature of all these stories) to a hut-pole. Subsequent developments are varied. Sometimes the other ghosts poke their heads into the corner to see what has befallen their chief, when their hair takes fire too and they all perish in flames. Sometimes the chief of the ghosts tears his head free and rushes out of the cave followed by the other ghosts, when they either try to climb up a rope to heaven, the rope snapping and casting them back lifeless to earth, or else they disappear helter-skelter into the mountains, never to be seen again. In any event, the children take possession of the ghosts' herds and gardens, their elephant tusks, grain-baskets and honey-gourds, and settle down there. The youngest son grows up; other people fleeing from famine are attracted to the place and he becomes their chief.

It is interesting that in the treatment of this theme no compunction of any kind is shown for the ghosts, and that there is none of the reverence for them which the Gogo show in their propitiation of ancestors. It is merely a matter of outwitting the ghosts by fair means or foul. It is a conjecture only that these tales may contain a memory of the dispossession of the pre-Gogo inhabitants of the land, whether the people who constructed the dew-ponds or the "little people" of whom legends persist in some areas. (The stony hills and fantastic rock-formations still appear to impress the Gogo imagination. Gogo in the Chunyu area state that when the ground-nut operations were getting into their stride at nearby Kongwa there was unusual activity around the slopes of the spirit mountain Mugulunghatambulwa. There was an opening and shutting of doors in the sides of the mountain, and the light of torches could be seen within. A belated party of ground-nutters is said to have seen ghosts entering one of these doors and to have ventured up to it, only to have the door slammed in their faces).

Red Riding Hood theme.—Tales of this type are largely concerned with witchcraft animals, especially the lion and the hyena, and specimens Nos. I and III below are typical examples. The hero or heroine is invariably the youngest son or daughter. For example, five sisters come upon a lonely house in the bush, whose occupants are absent. They sweep it out and tidy it up, and then sit till evening at the cooking-stones, getting drunk on honey-wine. Five handsome young men come in and take the girls for their wives, all save the youngest sister who refuses their advances. At midnight, from her corner, she sees them turning into lions, but, with great presence of mind, she exclaims loudly on her scabies which is itching badly, when they resume human shape. The next night she uses the string-stratagem mentioned above, and convinces her disbelieving sisters of their danger. In the morning they flee, with a warning from the youngest sister that if they are pursued they must not look round. They disobey and are eaten up one by one except the youngest sister, who returns alone to tell her parents of their fate.

Of the two, the hyena figures more prominently than the lion in this type of tale. In all of them he speaks with the tongues of men but has a tell-tale lisp which should give him away, except that the besotted maidens whom he deceives are too much charmed with his blandishments to notice it. His favourite device is to trick himself out like a young Gogo *mubalangati*, as in specimen No. I below, and then to entice the unwary away to his lair, where he devours them. In another tale, he overhears a song which a young man sings outside his sister's hut each morning, and which is the signal for her to open the door.

The next morning, the hyena forestalls him and sings the song, but the sister hears his lisp, knows that it is not her brother and does not open to him. This happens several times, and then the hyena goes to his witchdoctor for treatment and is advised to let safari ants bite his tongue, when the lisp will be cured. He does so; sings the song flawlessly, and, when the door is opened, rushes in and devours the devoted girl.

(Abhorrence of the hyena as a wizard is still strong among the Gogo. An old man of Chunyu, who was a *rugaruga* in German times, relates how he and a companion went on an official errand to a lonely hut and knocked at the door. There was no answer but they heard a swishing sound inside, as of milk being churned in a gourd. When they forced an entrance at the back they found the hut untenanted except for a large hyena chained to the hut-wall, with a milk-gourd at its side. At Mpwapwa there is supposed to be a wizard's run from the site of a former Native Authority cattle-trough near the Kongwa road to the *Mabwe Madunghu*, the conspicuous rock which stands in the Kiboriani foothills, and local Gogo vouch for having seen a dozen hyena in line running along this path at nightfall, each bestridden by a wizard whirling a flaming torch round his head. At Cibakwe, an old man is credited with assuming hyena form every night and going to disport himself at Dodoma, a journey across country of sixty-odd miles.)

The Wicked Step-mother.—More correctly, this could be termed the second or third wife theme, in terms of Gogo society. The collection contains one grim tale of this kind. A father marries a second wife who dislikes the children of the deceased first wife and neglects them in favour of her own. When famine comes and the whole family are in the bush grubbing for roots, she persuades her husband to abandon the boy and girl of the first marriage, so that there will be fewer mouths to feed. The two children find a ghost-cave and possess themselves of it in the usual way. Later the wicked parents arrive, with specious excuses for having become separated from them, and try to ingratiate themselves again in order to get their share of milk and honey. The boy is not deceived, and mixes them porridge with a stiffening of euphorbia milk, so that in the night their stomachs swell up and they die.

This theme perhaps has its roots in the Gogo marriage system. Even today it is no uncommon thing to hear young Gogo boys express the very strongest resentment against their father who has taken a second or third wife and is neglecting their own mother, and sometimes all connection with the father is broken off.

The External Soul and Hunting Taboos.—Of the numerous strands of primitive thought in the folklore, it is possible to exemplify only two. The dark tale of Mwegoha is based on the conception of the external soul. Mwegoha is murdered by his slaves on his way back from trading at the coast. His blood on the road changes into a little bird, who sits on a branch and sings that he will denounce his murderers. The slaves catch it, pluck it and eat it. Its feathers change into another little bird which trills out similar threats. They destroy it in the same way, and yet another little bird appears which flies ahead, sings lustily outside Mwegoha's hut and tells his wives what has happened. Then it hops into the hut and turns into Mwegoha again. When the murderers arrive a feast is announced and the cattle-kraal is swept out for it. Mwegoha sits on a cowhide in the middle, covered with a cloth, and, at the chosen moment, throws off the cloth, rises and spears his murderers, and resumes possession of his property.

The typical tale involving the hunting taboos is that of Wanga the elephant-hunter. When he goes to hunt in the forest, his wife, instead of remaining indoors with her baby as she should, goes gadding off to her mother at another village, thereby imperilling the life of her husband, who is likely to be killed by the beasts he is hunting. On the road she meets the tick-monster, referred to previously, who swallows up her carrying-cloth, her bangles and her baby and is about to swallow her, when she sings an invocation which brings Wanga to her side. He slays the beast by throwing red-hot pebbles down its throat; cuts open its stomach and rescues carrying-cloth, bangles and baby unharmed, but is so enraged with his disobedient wife that he returns her to her parents.

Folk Myth.—Specimen No. II, relating how Cawupele brought down every kind of seed from heaven, is an example of this type of tale. A kindred story tells how a widow, carrying her baby on her back, is chased away from her village by her neighbours. She wanders in the bush and has various adventures, at one time acting as nurse-maid to lion-cubs, when, at length, she finds a large animal lying across her path. At first she is afraid of it, but it approaches, licks her hand, and follows her back to her village. It grazes near her hut and one morning its fellow, a male animal, appears out of the bush and joins its mate. Soon, the female gives birth, and then again and again. The woman instructs her neighbours that these animals are to be called cows, and shows them how to milk, and soon she is able to give one to each of the people who have ill-used her. So the Gogo got cows. Before her there were none.

Another myth not contained in the published collection, which appears to hold memories of a great tribal migration is that, originally, all the Bantu were one tribe, lived in a land called Mwela and led a harmonious existence with no dissensions. Then they started a trek and came to a great river, where they were forced to build a bridge. When the bridge was finished, a large number got safely across and then, because of weight of numbers, the bridge broke and many were left on the other side, where they live to this day. So, with separation, tribal differences began. The people who caused the breaking of the bridge were the Bena (Cigogo *kubena*—to break), who got their tribal name in this way. Another curious feature of the folk tales which may be connected with traditions of tribal migration is that in a number of them fathers impose prohibitions on their sons hunting to the west, or on their daughters gathering fruit and firewood to the west. Such tales open with the stock injunction, "My sons, you may hunt to the north and to the south and to the east. To the west you must not hunt." The flouting of the injunction invariably causes frightful consequences—the transgressors are hunted by lion-men, entrapped in hyenas' houses, and so on.

Fables.—Gogo folklore is rich in fables, in which the characters are sometimes animals alone, and sometimes animals and men. Very little distinction seems to be made in them between mankind and the animals. They intermingle in each others' affairs, and change from human to animal shape and back with astonishing speed. (As there is not a universal class of nouns in Cigogo for living beings, as is the case in Swahili, but instead a class for humans and several classes for other living creatures, this produces some bewildering changes of agreement in verbs, pronouns, demonstrative adjectives, etc. In the course of a narration, the lion-man, for example, at one time being considered grammatically as a human being and at another as an animal, with his agreements changing accordingly.)

As in other Bantu folklore, the hare is the hero of many of the fables, outwitting all the other animals with his cunning. When there is a drought and all the other animals join together to dig for water, the hare pretends to be asleep and so avoids his share of the work. When the animals reach water, they put a guard on the well to prevent his drinking, but he outwits them one by one—the dikdik, the hyena and even the bigger animals of the bush—by feigning indifference to their brackish water and offering them a gourd of special water of his own instead. In reality the gourd contains honey, and they have it on condition that they are first tied up for their own safety, as otherwise its sweetness will make them swoon and do themselves an injury. When they are securely bound he beats them black and blue, waters his cattle at the well, and then stirs up the mud to foul it for the other animals. In another tale, when he has killed an elephant by a trick and eaten the tasty portions of its carcase, he is seized by the irate herd, who are about to kill him. He prevails upon them to tie him into the fork of a baobab with a supply of meat and honey, where he is supposed to have a period of grace until he is fat enough to be eaten. After a brief confinement, he persuades the greedy hyena to come up and change places with him, the glutton in return getting the store of meat in the tree. He then runs to tell the elephants that their prisoner has waxed fat and is ready to be eaten. The elephants return and kill the hyena is spite of his protests.

A prominent part in the fables is taken by the hyena himself, who figures more in the nature of a butt for the other animals, with his disreputable dishevelled coat, his lisping and his greed, than in his character of wizard in the pure folk tales. Skulking along the lion's track for the latter's unconsidered leavings, he comes to a place where the track divides into two. Not to be baffled, he decides to follow both tracks to make sure of his meat. The tracks diverge further and further and he stretches his legs wider and wider until, with a rending noise, he splits up the middle. Again, he comes to a river wherein the full moon is mirrored, mistakes this for a piece of meat, and decides to drink up all the water so that he may reach it. He drinks and drinks and swells and swells until he bursts.

Other animals who figure prominently in the fables are the elephant (who, to the Gogo, is the king of beasts and not the lion); the lion himself; the zebra (always well-disposed to man), and the wart-hog. Not uncommonly, the animals all meet together to decide vexed questions, and the proceedings follow the pattern of the Gogo *calo* or a case heard before elders. Specimen No. IV gives an example of this type of tale.

Many of the fables recount how particular animals acquired their characteristics. The feature which the animal acquires in the tale is handed on for ever to its whole species. For example, the elephants have caught the hare after one of his more outrageous tricks, and have swung him up with their trunks in order to dash his brains out. The hare wriggles free, at the expense of a snapped-off tail, jumps lightly down and makes off. And he has a short tail to this day. The bushbuck and the wart-hog go off to look for elephant tusks in the bush. The bushbuck finds a pair and claims them, only to be informed by the laughing wart-hog that they are his, and that he is laughing because he knew that they were there all the time. And ever since, the wart-hog, with his protruding teeth, has had an irremovable smile. A hunter with his dogs, taking shelter from the rain in a cave, is threatened by the occupant, a leopard, who is going to eat him. He is rescued by the frog, who hops out of a

hole in the wall, and tells the leopard to eat up the man and then he will eat *him*, for he is so hungry that he cannot prevent his throat from twitching. The leopard looks at his throat, fears that he will be eaten, and runs away—and the frog's throat has twitched to this day. The frog refuses all reward from the hunter and wants only to be shown a pool of water. The hunter takes him to it, and the frog hops in and has lived in it ever since. The cock and the hare, who are friends, hear drumming and decide to go to the dance. The cock informs the hare that it is a special kind of dance that people dance without their bodies. They just go with their heads and leave their bodies at home. When the hare, plastered with red clay and sheep's fat in readiness for the dance, calls for his friend, he sees the cock's headless body and is informed by his wife that her husband has already gone. The hare rushes home and persuades his wife to get him ready for the dance by cutting off his head too. She takes the knife to him and he dies. And from that day the cock always sleeps with his head under his wing.

Apart from their intrinsic interest as folklore, not the least fascinating feature of the tales is the picture of bygone Gogo life which they present. It is, for example, clear from them that famine in Ugogo is no new thing. A stock opening is the setting off of a family into the bush to hunt for roots and berries when all their neighbours have died of hunger. So too, digging for water is a constant preoccupation both of animals and men. Wealth and rewards are measured either in cattle or tusks in an area where elephants are now rarely seen. Herds of benevolent zebra nibble the tender grass on plains long since eroded. The tree lizard robs the jackal of the fine silk clothes that he has painfully carried up from the coast in a way that is reminiscent of the early travellers' tales of the expertise of the Gogo themselves. The Gogo chief takes his seat on his cowhide instead of on the stone dais of the baraza.

The folklore, as a whole, is a kaleidoscopic picture of an Ugogo strange yet familiar, where mysterious doors open and shut of their own accord in sugar-loaf hills; where a hyena with a mud coiffure picks his way among the baobabs, fraught with evil intentions; an averted figure at the foot of a euphorbia conceals a gourd of white liquid in the crook of his arm, while, in the distance, a gaggle of terror-stricken Gogo maidens disappears into the sunset, pursued by a figure that alternately stands erect and then rushes onwards on all fours. On this note, the versions which follow are presented. It should be added that, while they follow the vernacular as closely as possible, the translation is necessarily free and grammatical exactitude has sometimes had to give way to what are considered to be the interests of smoothness in reading.

I

In a certain place there lived a big hyena who used to delude people. He had an enormous house and in it he ate young maidens, beguiling them to come there and dance. One day, with his hair plaited to the nines and plastered with red clay and sheep's fat, he found a family of girls and said to them, "Come on! Let's g-g-go to the d-d-dance. Can't you hear the d-d-drums? You've no idea how your f-f-friends are all enjoying themselves!"

The girls were husking and grinding sorghum. At once they wanted to go along with him. The youngest sister said to the others, "I want to go with you too."

Her sisters refused. "Get away with you! Just look at you with your scabies! Do you want to shame us in front of all the dancers?"

Their mother, who was with them, pleaded, "Let her go with you!", but they would not listen to her. The youngest sister would not give up, and, when the others went on ahead, she followed them and arrived at the hyena's house at the same time as they did. The hyena sang a song and the doors of the house opened, all three of them. As he sang the youngest sister listened to the words of the song. They went in, and the youngest sister slipped in after them. Inside it was pitch dark. The hyena said, "Now you g-g-girls just stay here, while I c-c-call your friends to c-c-come, and then you can d-d-dance."

He went out and sang again. The doors closed and the girls were left inside. The youngest sister, whom the girls had not wanted to come, asked, "Well, what sort of dance is this, and what kind of people are they who live in a dark house like this?"

Her sisters said, "Just hark at her! It isn't as though we asked her to come. What on earth is she talking about?"

She said, "All right. Just wait, and perhaps we shall see." She kindled a fire and took a lighted brand to look through the house. She came to an inner room, and in it, lo and behold, was a little old woman, sitting by a pile of skulls! She ran back and told the others, "This fine friend of yours has gone off to call his companions. Today you'll all be eaten up."

They said, "Oh do stop it, you little liar!"

"All right, if you think I'm a liar, just come and have a look."

They followed her, and she said, "There you are! What's this if it's not a heap of bones?"

No sooner did they see the skulls than they were overcome with fear. "Whatever shall we do? Whatever shall we do?" Words failed them. The youngest sister said, "You *would* have your dancing. Now see what you have got!" Then she took a razor and shaved the head of the next-to-youngest sister, saying as she did so, "Well, we two at least will escape. With our shaven heads we can say that we are the daughters of the eland."

Her other sisters all began to plead with her, "Please, please, shave our heads too!"

She said, "But you didn't want me! You said that I would shame you. What have you to say now?" What was there for them to say? She shaved them all, she, the youngest sister whom they had not wanted to come. When she had finished she told them, "Now take some of the copper bangles of your friends who have been eaten and let us go out of here, or the hyenas will be back and eat us up too. They must be near. If we do meet them, remember we are the daughters of the eland, and we shall escape. Do you hear?"

They made to go out but, alas and alack, the doors were still closed! They began to cry "How are we going to get out? Whatever shall we do?"

The youngest sister asked them, "What were the words of his song?" They only sobbed, "We've forgotten. We've forgotten."

But the youngest sister had not forgotten. She sang the song. The doors opened and they all ran out. She sang again, and the doors closed. They began to run, but had only gone a little way when whom should they meet but the hyena himself. He asked, "Where have you g-g-girls come from?"

"Why do you ask us?"

"I'm just asking."

"We're the daughters of the eland."

"All right. G-g-go on!"

They went on, and after a little while there he was again.

"Where have you g-g-girls come from?"

"We're the daughters of the eland."

He went off, but yet again he appeared, this time coming up behind them.

"Are you really and t-t-truly the d-d-daughterss of the eland?"

"Yes, really and truly we're the daughters of the eland. Why do you keep on asking us?"

"I just want to m-m-make sure."

"We'll tell the eland that you've been molesting us."

"No, d-d-don't do that. You c-c-can go on."

They went on, and soon they began to meet a lot of other hyenas. Lo and behold! He really had gone and called all his friends to come to his house. The youngest sister said, "You see now? All these hyenas we're meeting were going to eat us!" The big hyena ran ahead to his house and packs of his friends followed him. He sang and the doors opened. He rushed in and the others rushed in after him. They looked high and low for the girls. He shouted for the little old woman, who hid herself. When they found her they gobbled her up. The sisters hurried home and told their mother and father all that had happened. They said, "Today we were nearly eaten up by hyenas. If it hadn't been for our sister here we should all have perished. It is she whom we have to thank. Look at all these bangles from over there, and we left a lot more behind. In that house they eat people. It is full of bones!"

II

Once upon a time the four sons of one father all wanted to marry the same girl, but the girl's father said, "The man who wants to marry my daughter must climb up to heaven and bring back corn seeds, and then he can marry her."

Now his daughter was exceedingly beautiful and each young man wanted her very much for his wife. Then the girl's father dug down in his thorn-boma and planted a tree, and the tree became very tall and reached up to heaven. The eldest son went and found the girl, and told her, "I want to marry you."

She said, "Well, here I am."

She gave him water and he washed himself, and she gave him food but he refused it. Then she said, "If you want to marry me you must climb up this tree to heaven and bring back all the different kinds of seeds that there are, and then you can marry me."

"Pooh, that's easy! I can climb any tree that there is. Do you think that this one is going to be too much for me?"

He went to the tree and began to climb it. When he had got part of the way up he stopped and looked down. He became giddy. He was afraid and came down again. She gave him back his bow and he went home. He told the second brother, "This girl is as beautiful as can be, but for the man who wants to marry her a great tall tree awaits, that reaches up to heaven. He must climb it and bring back all the different kinds of seeds and then he can marry her."

The second brother said, "I'm going to get her for myself." He went and found the girl, and told her, "I'm looking for someone to make my fire for me."

She said, "Here I am, and if you want me there is the tree. Hasn't your brother told you?"

He went to the tree and began to climb it. When he got as far as his brother had gone he was afraid and came down again. She gave him his bow and he returned home. He told the third brother, and he too tried and failed in the same way. Now there remained only the youngest brother, Cawupele. He was called Cawupele because he was covered with scabies. He said, "I'm going to try too."

His brothers said, "Get on with you! If we couldn't do it, do you think you will succeed? Look at you! You've no strength and are all covered with scabies." But he went and found the girl and greeted her. She asked him, "Well, what do *you* want?"

"I'm looking for someone to make my fire for me."

"Get away with you! I've no washing-water for the likes of you. If you try to climb the tree you'll defile it with your scabies." But Cawupele went over to the tree and began to climb it. He passed the place where his brothers had stopped, and went up and up until he was out of sight. He reached heaven. There he saw a one-legged man, who asked him, "Are you in the habit of jeering at the halt and the maimed?"

"Certainly not! We have them at home too."

He met other lame people, and each time he made them the same answer, "We have them at home too." The lame men all went with him to the chief's house. The chief said to him, "What is the news of your country?"

"Good, but I have come here to look for seeds. At home we have none."

The chief said, "Sleep now, and tomorrow morning I'll call a meeting."

At dawn the next day the chief called the meeting. A great crowd of people came, and the chief said to them, "I have a guest here from the earth below, and he wants all the kinds of seeds that there are in the world. That is why I have called you." His people said, "O chief, we will bring them as you command."

They brought all the kinds of seeds that there are in the world, and poured them out at the chief's door. The thorn-boma of that house up in the tree that Cawupele had climbed was filled to overflowing with all kinds of seeds. Cawupele took his leave of the chief and went out of the house and down the tree, down, down to the earth below. His scabies cleared up and he became very handsome. The girl's father said, "This is the man who shall be my son-in-law."

So he whose elder brothers had failed to climb the tree was the one who married the girl. Corn seeds first came from heaven and it was Cawupele who went and brought them. They spread all over the world.

III

Once upon a time there was a man who had many daughters. All of them were married save one, and she had refused all the husbands who were offered her. Then, one day, a very handsome young man appeared and in no time at all he married her. Now this young man was really a huge lion. For a few days he

stayed there and then he said, "Now I want to go home with my wife, so that we can pay our respects to my parents." The girl's father and mother said, "Go, and peace go with you."

They began their journey, and went on and on until they reached the middle of a forest. Then the husband said, "The sun has gone down. Let us sleep here tonight."

They went to a cave in the rocks and slept there till dawn. At dawn the husband said, "Today let's rest here again." They stayed, and he told her that he was going out to look for food. No sooner had he reached the open plain than, in a trice, he turned into a lion. He pounced on a duiker, and dragged it back to the sleeping-place. To his wife he said, "Look at what I've found! I wonder what killed it? They ate it, and slept there again. At dawn, off he went to the plain and saw all kinds of animals feeding on it. As soon as the zebras saw him they fled and went to find his wife. When they saw her they asked, "With whom, O human one, have you come here?"

"With my husband of course."

"And where is this husband of yours?"

"He's gone out to look for food."

"Alas and alack! You're a lost girl! Your husband is not a man at all but a huge beast. We saw him come out of the forest like a man, when, lo and behold! In a trice he turned into a lion! We ran away and followed his tracks until we found you. As sure as can be he'll eat you up. Let us take you back to your home and your mother, from whom he's carried you off. But it's for you to choose."

She said, "Yes, please take me back to my father and mother." When they set off the lion-man was still away hunting. They ran on and on. When he came back he stopped and he looked, and there were the tracks of the zebras leading away from the cave, and there were his wife's tracks too. He threw down his great chunks of meat and he ran and ran and ran. When at last he caught sight of them in the forest near her home he shouted, "You there, with that girl, just let me catch you up!"

The great herd of zebras halted. He came on in the shape of a man, but when he was near, in a trice he turned into a lion. The zebras said to the girl, "Behold your husband as he is!"

The lion-man roared and sprang. A zebra went down. Another zebra went down. Ten zebras went down. The biggest of all the zebras was in the middle. He came forward and stood in front of the herd. When the lion-man crept up to spring at him they met. There was a kicking and a grinding of jaws and a kicking and a grinding of jaws until at last the lion-man was near to falling. Then the big zebra kicked him again and again until he was dead. The zebras went with the girl to her home. When her father and mother saw them, they asked them, "What are you doing with our daughter?"

"Ask her. She'll tell you."

She said, "This husband of mine was nothing more nor less than a huge lion. When he told me, 'Let's go to my home', he had no home and was deceiving me. When we reached his cave in the rocks he went straight off into the forest and turned into a lion. These zebras saw him and came and told me. They said,

'Let's take you home, or your husband will eat you up.' I said, 'Please take me,' and we set off together. All the way back he was after us. When he first appeared he had the shape of a man but no sooner did he come up with us than he turned into a lion. I saw it with my own eyes. He bit and bit at the zebras and many of them died. In the end they killed him and we came back here. That's the husband I had for you."

Her father said to the zebras, "What can I do for you? Shall it be cattle or ivory? You can have whatever you wish."

The zebras said, "Just lead us to a wide plain that has young green grass."

He led them to a great plain that was covered with young green grass as far as the eye could see, and said, "There! It's yours." They said, "Thank you. We want nothing else."

This is the end of the story of the daughter and her marriage. It was the zebras who saved her.

IV

Once upon a time the lion and the boar were friends. Then the lion bought a bull and the boar a heifer, and the boar said to the lion, "You take my heifer and herd it with your bull, and when it has a calf I'll come and get it." The lion agreed and went off with the bull and the heifer. Time went on and the cow was in calf. When the calf was delivered, the boar said to his wife, "I'm going to pay my respects to my friend the lion." So she got food ready for him and when he had eaten he went off to the lion's. While he was still a little way off the lion saw him coming, went into his thorn-boma, picked up the calf and set it to suck the bull. The two friends greeted each other and the boar said, "Well, so we have a calf?"

"Yes, that's right."

"Whose is it?"

"It's mine."

"How do you make that out my friend? It's a bull that you have!"

"That's right. It's my bull that has had the calf."

The two friends argued and the lion insisted that the calf was his. At last the boar said, "Well, let's summon our friends and let them judge between us."

"All right. You go and call all your friends, and I'll go and call mine, and they shall decide."

So the boar went and summoned his friends and the lion went and summoned his, and the members of the court met together. The elders stood up and said, "Well, friends, now that there are enough of us here let us hear why you have called us together."

The boar got up and said, "I'm glad to see you all here. I entrusted my friend the lion here with my heifer and then waited for it to bear a calf. Time went on and I said to my wife, 'I'm going to pay my respects to the lion.' When I got there, lo and behold! I found him picking up the calf and putting it by his bull. I took a look at my cow and there it was with its udder all swollen. I took a look at his bull, which was suckling the calf and, would you believe it, it had no udder at all! I couldn't make head or tail of it. That's my case, my friends."

The elders stood up again and said, "Now, lion, explain yourself, and let's hear what you have to say." The lion got up and said, "I'll say only this. It's my bull that has had the calf. If you think I'm not telling the truth, why, just say so."

All the old men were silent. They thought to themselves, "If we say the calf belongs to the boar the lion will kill us, and if we say it belongs to the lion the boar will eat up our gardens." At that moment they saw the hare passing by. He was carrying a leather bag and a digging-stick. They called to him, "Come and help us, friend! We've got a very difficult case here." The hare shouted to them, "No, you'll make me late. I'm looking for medicine. Father has gone into the house and may be already in labour."

He went on his way. When he came back they called to him again, "Do come over here! When we called you the first time you refused. Surely you aren't going to refuse again. Come and help us settle the case and then you can go home."

"No, my friends. Now that I've got my medicine I must hurry back to father. He must be in labour by now. I'm sorry I can't help you. You'll make me late."

The lion said, "Why, you little liar you! Whoever from the very beginning of time, ever heard of a man in labour? All of you here, am I right or wrong?"

The old men said, "You're right! You're right! We too have never heard of a man in labour till this very moment, when this young fellow tells us of it."

Then the hare said to the lion, "Al! right. And when did *you* ever hear of a bull who gave birth to a calf? All of you here, have you ever heard of such a thing?"

Then they all said, "Ho! Ho! Ho! The hare has spoken truly! The hare has spoken truly!"

What could the lion say? He blushed for shame. The old men said, "Here you are, boar! Here's your cow. Take it and drive it away."

The boar took his cow and his calf, and the court dispersed. The lion and the boar have not been friends to this day.

ARCHAEOLOGY IN EAST AFRICA

By Sir Mortimer Wheeler, C.I.E., M.C., F.B.A., P.S.A.

(The text of a public lecture delivered on 19th August, 1955, and reproduced by courtesy of the Archaeological Society).

Dr. Mathew and I are here to tell you of a journey which he and I have been making, and are still making, along the Coast of East Africa—with special reference to Tanganyika. Our purpose is, with the advice and help which have been given to us in liberal measure, to explore the possibilities of developing the study of the history and archaeology of Tanganyika and the adjacent territories. Now that may seem at first sight a strange and, indeed, an almost irrelevant thing to do at the present time. Today we, as individuals, or as nations, all suffer from an unusual anxiety as to the future, yet, curiously enough, as a counterpart to that anxiety for the future there is, throughout the world, an increasingly intelligent interest in the past. The two things go together—you cannot have a house without solid foundations, and that sense of security and stability which an understood tradition and history give to a nation is an essential contributory factor to its capacity to make good in the future. All this is rather ponderous and platitudinous stuff, but I think the platitudes are such as are worth repeating from time to time. They are important ones. Today wherever one looks one can see new nations confronting the future, and simultaneously looking over their shoulders at their past. I will give an example from my own personal experience. Five years ago I happened to be in Pakistan at the request of the Pakistan Government for the purpose of doing something to develop a sense of the past for that new country. The Minister concerned realized that a new state of that kind needed a consciousness of the past and, although Pakistan was formally constituted as recently as 15th August, 1947, the land which it occupies has of course a tremendous past. I proceeded to establish a new National Museum and then undertook some rather spectacular excavations 300 miles from the capital. While this work was in progress Pakistan Railways, imbued with a similar educational impulse, proposed to me that they should run an excursion from the capital to the remote place in the desert where excavations were being carried out. The excursion involved a tiresome journey of two days and two nights, arriving at dawn at a small wayside station; then a journey across eight miles of sand, followed by a long day on the hot sand. I did not expect anybody to turn up, but the train was in fact packed from end to end. There were two hundred and sixty people on that train, men, women and children; not experts, nor even particularly educated people—small shopkeepers, merchants, clerks, money-lenders, people of all kinds. There they were, a happy crowd—heavily armed with revolvers and guns strapped over their shoulders. The excursion was repeated a fortnight later, with similar results. I am sure that before 1947 such a thing in Pakistan would have been regarded as impossible. It was due to this new consciousness—this new interest—of a country looking up hopefully but anxiously to a difficult future, but at the same time looking backwards and downwards for auguries from the past. That is just an example; I could give you others of how, throughout the world, there is this new combined outlook towards the old and the new. I think it is fair to say that an interest in

the past is today one of the symptoms of a really lively nation. If you find a State which does not care twopence what happened yesterday or the day before, you generally find they know little about what they are going to do tomorrow or the day after. While speaking of Pakistan I may add as a matter of interest to Tanganyika that, since I left in 1950, the State Archaeological Department has been digging up the probable site of the famous ancient city of Debul in the old delta of the Indus; that Debul which, apparently, produced one of the last Sultans of Kilwa who used the name al Dabouli as an index of origin on the other side of the Indian Ocean.

The foundation of the Tanganyika Archaeological Society last April may be taken, then, as a symptom alike of a new interest in the past and of a new urge for the future. To that, the youngest archaeological society, I come today with the greetings, congratulations and good wishes of the oldest Archaeological Society in the world, of which Dr. Mathew and I happen to be Fellows: I refer to the Society of Antiquaries of London, which was founded as long ago as 1707.

Before I describe our recent journeyings let me very briefly set the stage. Today the East Coast of Africa is a great meeting place of nations. Look round this room at the present moment: here are Africans, Arabs, Indians and Europeans; doubtless other nationalities too. In fact, I know no other part of the world which is at the same time so cosmopolitan and so integral in its make up as the East Coast of Africa. That cosmopolitanism is traditional.

The history of East Africa begins nineteen centuries ago with a book—one of the most fascinating books ever written—the work of a Greek sailor and merchant of Egypt describing the voyages and markets of the Indian Ocean in his day. He tells us of the East Coast of Africa, and he carries his knowledge of that East Coast down to the neighbourhood of Dar es Salaam; so, even in the first century, Greeks, Egyptians, Indians and Arabs were already converging on the East Coast of Africa and giving it something of that cosmopolitan character which was to endure. His knowledge of geography was sketchy, as was his knowledge of most things. Somewhere south of Dar es Salaam he thought that Africa turned suddenly westwards, and that the Indian Ocean there flowed into the Atlantic. A successor, a geographer of Alexandria in Egypt, writing half a century later, had the opposite notion. He too knew the East Coast of Africa, he knew of the trading stations where Arabs, Indians, Greeks and others exchanged their goods; but south of Dar es Salaam he turned the Coast of Africa eastwards and joined it up with Malaya, thus turning the Indian Ocean into a sort of Mediterranean sea on a larger scale and, although his geography would not have got full marks in a modern examination, there was an enormous amount of truth in his idea. Throughout its history, the Indian Ocean has been a cultural unit where Greeks, Africans, Arabs and Indians have been conjoined by monsoon-traffic and have thus become historically essential to one another. In the deplorable phraseology of archaeologists, the Indian Ocean is "a unitary cultural pool"; and, as two thousand years ago, so today. The advent of people like the Portuguese, the Germans, the Italians and the British has not altered the history of the East Coast; it has merely amplified it on traditional lines. The newcomers have added to its richness and its potential for the future. But it is much the same great meeting place of nations today as it was two thousand years ago. It continues in close commercial relationship with a large part of the world; and this means that the history of the East Coast is an essential part of the history of a large part of the world. I do want to emphasize its world-wide importance; to know more of it is

to know more of the significance of human achievement. Up to the present, however, very little has been done to increase the modest proportions of that knowledge. We are in this respect behind countries newer than ourselves. Indeed, so far from advancing we have been in some measure in retreat. Potential sources are actually being damaged or lost, a matter to which I will return in a few minutes.

Now I mentioned earlier one or two of the historical sources in regard to this region. In the aggregate, the amount of historical information we have is, however, of the slightest. There are three or four classical sources, a few Arab Chronicles, writings in Portuguese, Swahili and Chinese. Most of these are vague and deal mainly with politics and commerce. They tell us very little about how people *lived* here, what they were thinking and what their local environment was like. How are we to supplement this sketchy historical knowledge? We can only do it by the use of archaeology. Now how can we proceed?

Our first need is to bring order and system into the materials which we can find around us if we look for them. In other words we want a timetable. A timetable is the first requisite if we are to put our evidence into a national and significant sequence. Here again, bearing in mind the unitary character of the Indian Ocean, I will ask you for a moment to come across with me to the other side, which I happen to know better than this side, and allow me to tell you very shortly how we tackled an identical problem in India some ten years ago. In 1945 Central and Southern India were literally an unknown land prior to the Middle Ages. There were innumerable sites and monuments upon the face of the land, but they and their contents could not be put into a sequence—they did not mean anything. Yet in reality the problem was not a very difficult one, and this is how we tackled it. We knew from the classical and Indian authorities that the Roman world had a lively commercial relationship with Central and Southern India. Traders from Egypt and the Mediterranean came there with coins and other goods in exchange for Indian wares, and our obvious task was to discover a site capable of producing at the same time classical commodities of a known date and origin and, alongside them, Indian material which, by virtue of association, must be of the same period. We found an ancient town-site south of Madras which produced exactly this association of evidence: wine-jars and table-wares brought from Italy nineteen centuries ago, preserved side by side in the soil with vestiges of a hitherto unknown Indian civilization which was now for the first time dated by that fact. In that way, by the use of the normal archaeological methods of the day it was possible in a very short space of time to bring order to great masses of material in Central and Southern India, and the timetable produced then is being used today by the new Indian Department of Archaeology—which is one of the liveliest in the world.

Now this example applies in principle to the African Coast. There we have a great mass of local material of entirely unknown date and origin. We know nothing about it at all. You can walk along the Coast and fill your pockets with potsherds, but at present they do not mean anything. On the other hand we have here on the East Coast of Africa two very important potential sources of information. First of all we have the old Greco-Roman trading-stations. There must have been one not far from Dar es Salaam, and there were others nearer the entrance to the Red Sea. If we can find one of these sites and, as in South India, find there the scientific association of the known products from the Mediterranean and the at present unknown products of Africa we will get a firm starting point. But that is not all. For the Middle Ages we have along the

East Coast of Africa a possible source of information which has scarcely yet been tapped. I have never in my life seen so much broken china as I have seen in the past fortnight along the coast between here and the Kilwa Islands: literally, fragments of Chinese porcelain by the shovelful. Now ignorant though we be of many details relating to pottery, our knowledge of it is infinitely greater than our knowledge of the African cultures with which it is or was associated. In fact I think it is fair to say that as far as the Middle Ages are concerned, from the 10th century onwards, the buried history of Tanganyika is written in Chinese porcelain. It remains by careful excavation to exploit this buried source of knowledge; and, having established contacts between imported and local materials along the coast, our next task is to proceed gradually inland, from known to less known to unknown, until finally we reach across country to the Lakes and thus build up a new picture of human achievement over a great expanse of Africa. The task is not difficult but it means hard work. I may add that the Chinese pottery to which I have referred did not necessarily come to the East Coast to any great extent in Chinese junks. A great deal must have come through India, although at Quilon in south-west India the Chinese themselves had a trading-colony which may have operated in this matter.

So much for general principles.. Now for our recent tour. It began, as it should begin, in the Kilwa group of Islands. We began there because, more than any other locality on the East Coast of Africa, Kilwa can claim something of a history from the 10th century onwards upon which to some extent we can base archaeological investigation. Not only that, but Kilwa Sultans produced vast masses of coinage and, when scientific excavation begins in and about Kilwa, there is no doubt that these coins, of which the approximate dates are known, will help us to bring order and method into investigation of an appreciable part of the East African coast. We went on to the Mafia group, and there on the neighbouring Island of Juani arrangements had been made with the District Commissioner to clear the bush away from an astonishing collection of buildings. A town with walls standing more than half as high as this room had been buried in the bush, but when cleared it was dramatic in its state of preservation. If that town were cleared systematically and scientifically investigated, it might, with a little imagination, be described as the Pompeii of East Africa; but, apart from all that, proper clearance is a task of urgency if this considerable monument of human achievement is to be saved from disintegration and destruction.

This brings me to a few final words as to the future–the future of the past. This, as I see it, lies in two main directions It lies in conservation on the one hand and exploration on the other. Of these two tasks it is nowadays universally accepted that conservation is a matter for Government, which alone can establish and maintain an overall and economic system of work and inspection. Exploration, on the other hand, can (and I think should) be kept largely to private enterprise, with such general controls as a modern State may reasonably impose. Here in Tanganyika the new Archaeological Society may be expected to serve as a focus of exploration, if it grows in size and strength as we hope it will. But exploration is a matter for considered thought in relation to opportunity. The complementary task of conservation cannot wait. At Kilwa and Mafia, for example, the ancient buildings are being torn apart by trees, and are collapsing through decay of the fabric. Action here is a matter of urgency, not of long-term deliberation. The work is neither very difficult nor very costly but, let me repeat, it is very urgent.

I have mentioned the potential function of the Tanganyika Archaeological Society as an instrument of research. But in addition to that we need something more. We need provision for teaching and research of a kind analogous to that provided by our Schools and Institutes of Archaeology in Italy, Greece, Iraq, Turkey and Palestine: places where research students can reside for a time and study problems on the spot under suitable guidance. In that connection yesterday, in this Hall, His Excellency the Governor made a statement which I regard as a turning-point in Archaeology on the East Coast. In so far as it was within his power, he offered accommodation for a School or Institute of Archaeology at Bagamoyo. That is, of course, subject to the usual discussion and I hope confirmation; but if we can establish at Bagamoyo, in the accommodation offered, a School of Archaeology which will be of use not merely for those who live in Tanganyika but for students from all over the world who come to share its problems, then we have really got things going on a world-wide basis. I would again describe His Excellency's speech in this room yesterday as marking the turning-point in the study of archaeology in Tanganyika—in fact on the East Coast as a whole; and on that word of hope I conclude my remarks.

Obituary

Dr. C. H. N. JACKSON.

East Africa has suffered a great loss by the death of Dr. Jackson, O.B.E., D.Sc., Ph.D. at the early age of fifty. He was educated at Eastbourne College and University College, London. In 1927, when he was twenty-two years old, he came to Tanganyika to work on tsetse as a zoologist under the Game Warden, the late Mr. C. F. M. Swynnerton. In 1929 the Tsetse Research Department was formed as a separate department with Swynnerton as Director. Jackson served in it firstly as a zoologist for a short period and then as an entomologist until the Department was disbanded in 1947. He then continued his work with the newly created East African Tsetse and Trypanosomiasis Research and Reclamation Organization, in which he finally became the Chief Entomologist and took charge of tsetse research. In his first tour he proved that he had the qualities of an exceptional scientist. He evolved a method of judging the state of hunger of tsetse by the appearance of the abdomen; and the stages into which he grouped them for this purpose were subsequently found to conform with the fat reserves in the flies. This hunger staging of flies, as it is called, has helped to throw light on such questions as how frequently tsetse need to feed at the various seasons of the year.

During his service in Tanganyika Jackson developed many other new techniques for the study of tsetse in the field, which may well be adapted to other ecological work. He invented systems for marking tsetse on the thorax with various coloured oil paints, so that their movements through the bush, the changes in hunger and other information on individual flies could be determined on their subsequent recapture. With the aid of marked flies he was able to elucidate the relation of the various species of tsetse to the different types of vegetation, the size of the population in an area and a mass of detail about the habits of flies. As he was a first-rate ecologist he was at his best in the field, though he supplemented his findings there with much brilliant complementary work in the laboratory. It is not possible to record here the vast amount that he contributed to our understanding of tsetse, but fortunately he set it down in numerous papers which were published in a wide range of scientific journals. He gained a very great knowledge of the plant life in Tanganyika, and he had a paper published on the species of *Brachystegia* and *Pseudoberlinia* to be found in the Territory.

Jackson's whole heart was in the study of tsetse, and his tireless enthusiasm was a great inspiration to his fellow workers. Conversation always drifted to tsetse, and discussions and friendly arguments often led to fruitful investigations. It was most gratifying that his services were rewarded with an O.B.E. shortly before his death.

He had a very great affection for Africa and the African. In his first tour he was stationed at Sambala, which did not then appear on any maps except those made by himself or his colleagues. It lies buried in the depths of the Sandawe tsetse bush to the north of the old Singida–Kondoa road. He used to refer to Sambala as his "spiritual home" and his fondness for it was typical of his feelings for Tanganyika as a whole and its peoples. His interest in Africans and their

countryside may be appreciated by reading his paper entitled "The Mangati", which appeared in *Tanganyika Notes and Records* No. 13.

Although most of Jackson's time was occupied with his work he always enjoyed a game of tennis, golf, bridge or chess when he could fit one in. He had considerable artistic talent, and his quickly drawn sketches of game and African scenes were most pleasing but too infrequently produced. His sense of humour made him a delightful companion as he was always cheerful. Long periods in the blue with one person, however pleasant he is, may become very irksome, but this was never the case where Jackson was concerned. He will be greatly missed, both for his work and friendship, by all the Europeans and Africans who knew him.

Jackson had not been really fit for the past year or two, but his condition did not curb his enthusiasm and cheerfulness. It was a great shock to everyone when earlier this year they learnt that he was seriously ill and that there was little likelihood of his recovery. Fortunately he had not realized that the end was so near, and he was busily making plans for the future when he died suddenly in an English hospital on 27th July. One sometimes wonders, when an expert dies, how the void is to be filled. But there is no doubt that the torch, which was kindled by Swynnerton and which was so ably borne by Jackson, has been safely handed on to his colleagues, whom he stimulated by his personal example and his enthusiasm for tsetse research.

Book Reviews

ISLAM IN EAST AFRICA

By Lyndon P. Harries

(U.M.C.A., 1954, Shs. 5/-)

Dr. Lyndon Harries was formerly a missionary priest of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa in the Diocese of Masasi from 1935 to 1945. He is now a lecturer at the School of Oriental and African Studies of London University. He is also the author of *Christian Marriage and African Society* in Part III of the *Survey of African Marriage and Family Life*. In *Islam in East Africa* he writes with particular reference to Zanzibar, Pemba and the opposite mainland in Tanganyika and with the special purpose of throwing some light upon the character of Islam in relation to Christian missionary work amongst the African people in those regions. As he says, Islam presents a constant challenge to Christian Missions in East Africa. That challenge has to be met and can only be met by a proper understanding of Islam. Dr. Harries has reached the conclusion that, as has been proved in the Netherlands East Indies, the spread of Christianity amongst Muslims can only be achieved by the witness of the native Christian Church. The European missionary can by himself accomplish very little in this respect, but in a young Church such as the East African Church, which is not as yet strong enough to act in itself as an efficient missionary force in relation to Islam, he is needed to help maintain the life of the existing Church so that it may gather strength for this purpose. Dr. Harries' account of the Muslim communities in East Africa, their traditions, beliefs, law and practice is necessarily brief, but it is a fair and informative one and should be a useful guide to those who are interested in it and desire to know more of the tenets of Islam.

Reviewers have to justify their existence by pointing out an author's errors. One feels that the author does not do full justice to the missionary enterprise of the Augustinians in East Africa during the period of the Portuguese domination. It was a day of small beginnings, but it yielded promising seed and it was no fault of the Christian missionaries that in the end their labours were wholly undone,

The ruler of Muscat who wrested Mombasa from the Portuguese in 1698 was Seif bin Sultan of the Yorubi dynasty, who was supplanted in 1745 by Ahmed bin Said of the Busaidi dynasty, the grandfather of Seyyid Said bin Sultan. The last named first established himself in Zanzibar in 1828. Neither he nor his father Sultan bin Ahmed ever held or laid claim to the title of Imam of Muscat or to be the religious head either of the Ibadhi sect or of the Dar ul Islam in East Africa.

J.M.G.

ISLAMIC LAW IN AFRICA

By J. N. D. Anderson.

(*H.M. Stationery Office, £2 10s.*)

District Officers in Tanganyika are often called upon in the course of their duties to unravel difficult cases involving Mohammedan law. Such cases may relate to matrimonial disputes, the custody of children, adultery, immovable property and inheritance, among others.

Their problems are not lessened by a commonly existing confusion in the minds of the parties between the precepts of the relevant Mohammedan law and the rulings of customary tribal law. In addition, only infrequently do District Officers have access to the appropriate Mohammedan law text-books, and even where these are available, they have sometimes been misled by basing their decisions on the tenets relating to the wrong sect or school. Even if these problems are overcome, they still have to face the fact that variant opinions of Mohammedan jurists exist.

Islamic Law in Africa by Professor J. N. D. Anderson does not set out to be a handbook of Mohammedan law. Nor can it truly be said to be a study in comparative law. What Professor Anderson has attempted, however, and has in no small measure succeeded in doing, is to show the effect of the impact of Mohammedan law on the various countries in East and West Africa where British law applies. He indicates where conflicts exist and suggests in some cases how they can be resolved.

The value of the book to officials and others who have practical dealings with these problems is considerable, and is enhanced by the fact that each territory has a chapter to itself. Although the work does not pretend to be exhaustive, if one remembers the short period of time spent by Professor Anderson in the field, the extent of his research and the detail which he has unearthed is all the more amazing.

Naturally, the chapter on Tanganyika will be the most valuable in this Territory, although parts of some of the appendices should also assist local practitioners. A few minor inaccuracies, such as the word "partially" in note 1 on page 123, the words "or Somalis" in line 5 of the last paragraph on page 127, and the fact that appeals from Liwali's courts do not go first to a local court of appeal, the contrary being stated in the middle of the second paragraph on page 134, detract in no way from its value.

Two general impressions remain, however. First, the lack of uniformity displayed by the Liwalis and other local "experts" when faced with the task of giving decisions on various points of Mohammedan law. And secondly, that although a number of the decisions quoted are clearly not in accordance with the Sharia, something more than rough justice has been meted out. The parties in many cases are satisfied, and, in the words of section 43 of the Local Courts Ordinance, matters have been "decided according to substantial justice without undue regard to technicalities".

P.H.W.H.

Correspondence

SIR RICHARD BURTON

Dear Sir,

The Tanganyika Society may be interested to learn that the Royal Anthropological Institute has recently acquired the library of Sir Richard Burton. This lay almost unused in one of the London Borough libraries and the Council has generously allowed us to take it over. It is Burton's second library (the first was destroyed in a fire) and consists of about 2,000 volumes—mainly of anthropological or linguistic materials, many of them early rare items. The collection also contains a considerable number of Burton's own works annotated by himself, including his own copy of his translation of *The Book of the Thousand Nights and One Night*, which is of course an extremely valuable work. It also includes his own copy of *The Book of the Sword* and a unique collection of works and translations of Camoens, with Burton's translation of the *Lusiad*. There are a number of important works on Brazil, West Africa and Arabia. There are no books specifically on Tanganyika but there is a copy of Burton's own *First Footsteps in East Africa*, which is exceedingly rare. This copy contains coloured originals of the two maps and some other subsidiary material. As Burton was a founder member of the Anthropological Society and a President, the Institute of course has been very concerned to perpetuate his memory and to make this library available to scholars in the best possible way.

This has involved a considerable financial outlay, not only for shelving and installation, but also in loss of rent to the Institute in taking over a room to house the collection. Through the generosity of the United Africa Company and other donors we have sufficient support to maintain the library for seven years, but we are hoping to be able to establish it as a permanent feature of the Institute's library. This will need a capital sum of about £3,500, the income of which we can use to reimburse the Institute for its loss of rent and to provide maintenance costs. Again, through the generosity of one of our Fellows, we have in hand rather more than half this sum by means of a covenant.

I and my colleagues in the Institute think that you will like to know of the preservation and establishment of the library. We would of course appreciate greatly any help which members of the Tanganyika Society might feel able to afford in recognition of Burton's discovery of Lake Tanganyika and his contribution to East African exploration; there may be some particularly interested in Burton, as a scholar and explorer and as a remarkable character, who would be sympathetic towards our objectives. If you were prepared, through the medium of your Journal, to invite contributions (e.g. by covenanted sums, annually or otherwise) towards the establishment of our capital fund, the Institute would be greatly in your debt. (I might mention that the names of donors are being recorded in the Library premises).

Yours faithfully,

RAYMOND FIRTH

Royal Anthropological Institute
of Great Britain and Ireland,
21, Bedford Square,
London W.C. 1.

ORNITHOLOGY

Dear Sir,

Many members of the Tanganyika Society will be interested to hear of the proposal of the South African Ornithological Society to organize a Pan-African Ornithological Congress at the Victoria Falls in July, 1957.

This proposal, of great interest to ornithologists in Africa, does not seem to have had, as yet, any publicity in Tanganyika, and I would therefore be grateful for the hospitality of your columns to give such information in the matter as has come to me.

I quote, therefore, from a circular which I have received from the organizers:

Sections. Papers will be divided into the following sections, which may be further subdivided, if necessary:

Systematics and Anatomy.
Breeding and General Behaviour.
Conservation.
Migration.
Ecology and Distribution.

Each section will have a chairman, who will be an ornithologist from Africa having knowledge of the subject. Each section will also have a recorder, whose primary duty will be to note the main points raised in the discussions.

On the final day of the Congress, distinguished ornithologists specialising in the subjects of each section will be invited to sum up the contribution made by the papers in that section.

Hours. The hours of the sessions will be 9-12.30 in the mornings and 2.15-4.45 in the afternoons.

Excursions. There will probably be three excursions, one or two before the Congress begins and one or two after it has ended. One of these excursions will probably last a week and others two or three days each.

Scope. Papers submitted to the Congress must be of one or other of two kinds: either general reviews of the present position in a special branch of ornithology, with or without special reference to Africa; or specifically African in scope.

Publication of the Proceedings. The chairman and recorder of each section will be responsible for preparing the papers and summary of the discussions in their own section for the press, under the co-ordination of a general editor. Papers will be printed in one volume.

I do hope that many members of the Society will be able to attend the Congress so that Tanganyika may be well represented.

Much work has been done in Tanganyika of recent years but little has been published and here is an excellent opportunity.

The writer of this letter will be very pleased to obtain further information about the Congress on behalf of enquirers and information may also be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, South African Ornithological Society, P.O. Box 1616, Cape Town, South Africa.

Yours faithfully,

P.O. Box 523, Tanga A. F. Morrison